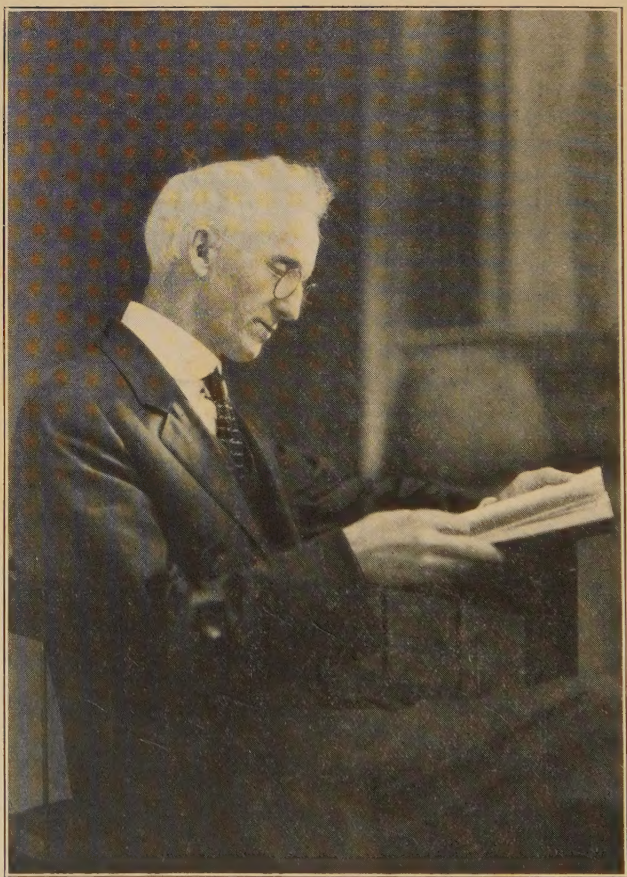




CHARLES BLANCHARD

SET APART

Poems of the Heart

By
CHARLES BLANCHARD

Author of
"IN THE AFTERGLOW," "WITH HEAPS O' LOVE"—
THE STORY OF FOUR YEARS IN CHINA, ETC.



THE HOMESTEAD COMPANY
Or the Author
DES MOINES, IOWA

*Who would sing must blush and bring
His song and go away*

Without ado:

*For there are few
Born with the birth of Day!
Few souls are there, we read,
Who dream and do the Deed—
Who find the Spirit-birth:*

*Who, crushed with pain,
Sing the sweet strain,
Which echoes 'round the earth!*

—The Poet's Recompense.

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By CHARLES BLANCHARD

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INDEX

TITLE	PAGE
To You, My Friend.....	8
Set Apart.....	9
The Primrose Way.....	10
The Two Silences.....	11
Wondering	12
May Dreams.....	13
A Little Maiden Fair.....	14
The Halo of the Haze.....	15
The Prairies.....	16
Because I Do Not Know.....	17
Just Because You Are My Friend.....	18
His Human Hands.....	18
Away From Home.....	19
Where Buttercups Grow.....	20
What Is It.....	21
A Broken Slate Pencil.....	22
Life Abounding.....	23
The Upward Way.....	24
"Just Buddy".....	25
The Pilgrims.....	26
My Future.....	27
Childhood	28
When Thanksgiving Comes.....	29
The Songs I Will Sing.....	30
Christmas Wishes.....	31
It Must Not Be Again.....	32
Primroses in Winter.....	33
For the Kiss You Gave Me Dear.....	34
The Harvest Recompense.....	35
Beside the Iron Gate.....	36
John Burroughs.....	36
Into the Mystery.....	37
The Real Empire Builders.....	38
The Old Homestead.....	39
If We But Loved Aright.....	40

TITLE	PAGE
All the Rollicking Year Through.....	40
The Cross! The Cross!.....	41
The Old Wonder.....	42
Dreams	43
Someone to Love Me.....	44
Just to Know You Love Me Now.....	45
The Artist.....	46
My Neighbor.....	47
An Indian Summer Idyl.....	48
The Christmas Spell.....	48
The Kingly Life.....	49
When November Nears.....	50
Sweeter Than All Else Is Your Love.....	51
The May of Memory.....	52
The Healing of the Leaves.....	53
Late September.....	54
In the Autumn o' the Year.....	55
My Psalm of Peace.....	56
Christmas All the Time.....	57
In the Playtime of the Year.....	58
To Just Be Kind.....	59
I Will Be Glad.....	60
Somewhere It Is Spring.....	61
The Streets.....	62
My Birth Spot.....	63
Comforted	64
Robert Louis Stevenson.....	65
Onward Toward the Dawn.....	66
The Building of the Dome.....	67
The Grave-Sod.....	69
A Common Tribute.....	70
October	72
For the New Year.....	72
September	73
Still Dreaming.....	74
The Old Willow Tree.....	75
Still the Morning Glories Linger.....	76
The Assertion of Faith.....	77
While I Wait.....	78
Recompense	79

TITLE	PAGE
When We Put the Christmas Tree Away....	80
Spring	81
The Future.....	82
In the Midst of Years.....	83
From My Heart.....	84
Twilight Singing Into Night.....	85
The Wondrous Olden Story.....	86
Another Spring.....	87
Friendship	88
The Master's Voice and Vision.....	89
A Song of the Future.....	90
Utopia in Our Hearts.....	91
Courage—Comrade	92
The Winds of Winter.....	93
Since Grandmother Went Away.....	94
Tomorrow Will Be May.....	95
A Vision of the Christ.....	96
The Falling Cross.....	97
As In the Days of Long Ago.....	98
Jesse Hiatt.....	98
Only a Month from March to May.....	100
The Crucified.....	101
As Friend to Friend.....	102
The June of Our Joy.....	103
The Hills of Home.....	104
Singing Love Over.....	104
The Dreamer.....	105
The Pioneers.....	106
Prayer	107
The Ritual of the Heart.....	108
Secrets of Spring.....	109
Transfigured	110
When Brown Thrush Sings.....	111
Swept Clean.....	112
My Thanksgiving.....	112
The Mantle of McLean.....	113
Witnessed	114
Autumn	115
Where the Cat-Tails Grow.....	116
Praying	116

TITLE	PAGE
Who Loves May Share.....	117
Doubt and Faith.....	118
Into Thy Hands.....	118
The Thrush's Return.....	119
It Is Well.....	120
At the Gateway.....	120
The Song of Spring.....	121
After the Silences.....	122
My Song of Triumph.....	123
Great Souls.....	124
The Old and the New.....	125
Empty Nests.....	126
When We Shut Love Out.....	127
A Year.....	127
The God of All Out-Doors.....	128
A Snow Song.....	139
The Break-up.....	129
The Poet's Prayer.....	130
I Will.....	130
Mid-October	131
The World For Me Is Glad.....	132
The Golden Year.....	133
With the Winds of Autumn in My Hair.....	134
For All Glory Is His.....	135
The Old Year's Glory.....	136
"I Will" Not Must.....	137
Fall O' the Year.....	138
With the Birds.....	139
The Failures.....	140
When It's Good To Be Alive.....	141
The Angel—Death.....	142
My Soul To Your Soul.....	143
The Truth.....	144
The Years Away.....	144
Apple Blossoms.....	145
When Our Loved Ones Depart.....	146
White Sea Gulls.....	147
Remembered At My Best.....	148
My Creed.....	149
The Daily Task.....	150

TITLE	PAGE
Old Memory Books.....	151
Glory, Glory, Glory!.....	152
The Maple Tree.....	152
The Angel's Song.....	153
Happiness	154
Still Within Our Father's Care.....	155
A Hard Question.....	156
The Ones Who Care.....	156
In Blooming Time.....	157
With Betty On the Beach.....	158
Raymond Robins.....	159
Thy Will Be Done.....	159
Rose Leaves.....	160
Who Cares?.....	160

TO YOU, MY FRIEND

*This little book of verse I send
To you, whom chance has made my friend;
And what therein most pleases you
Will happy make my own heart, too.*

*Mayhap I know not who you are,
Nor under what alluring star,
The favored spot where you were born,
Nor yet on what auspicious morn.*

*But this I know is ever true:
That unto me, as unto you,
Though not of silver or of gold,
God's gifts to us are manifold.*

*The treasures of the quiet wood,
The common things that God made good
In the beginning—ever more
The same, on every land and shore!*

*The flowers of spring that bloom along
The byways of our hope and song,
The music of the passing breeze,
The birds that sing in all the trees.*

*The simple things made just to please
The hearts of children—grass and trees,
The lightning bugs, the butterflies,
The sunlit summits of the skies.*

*With all the wealth from heaven sent,
For our enrichment and content,
Like all His blessings, far and near,
For all who have the list'ning ear!*

*For all who have the seeing eye!
The glory of the lifted sky,
The splendors of the setting sun,
The silence when the day is done!*

SET APART

There are sacred places still set apart
On the earth to the things of the heart:
There's a little spot where the daisies grow,
And the johnny-jump-ups, somewhere, low
Down in the tufts of the tangled grass,
Where only those who love them pass!

In the pond, by the country roadside, where
The blue flag flaunts its banners fair,
Bright with the colors of summer sky,
To every pilgrim, passing by;
But only those who love them know
Where the delicate spring primroses grow!

In the midst of the field is a little plot,
By some kind improvidence forgot,
Where nature's remnants of her race
Of flowers and fruits, still find a place:
Where wild crab apples blossom fair,
And sweet plum blossoms haunt the air!

In the tangle of turf by the turning-row
Is a place where the sweet wild roses grow,
And their modest presence there I know
By the breath of vagrant winds that blow
Across the clover meadows, where
Their mingled fragrance fills the air!

There's a hillside set toward the rising sun,
Where bluebells blossom and wild grapes run
Riot through the tops of the tallest trees,
Known best to the bothersome boys and bees!
So nature hides her fragrance and sweet,
For the quick of heart and nimble of feet!

You may cross the run by the footpath log,
Where acres of buttercups grow in a bog,
And lovers can gather them there in May,
With the dew fresh upon them, and carry away
Armfuls, to wither up, one by one,
Kissed by the lips or kissed by the sun!

“THE PRIMROSE WAY”

*“Life is over! Life was gay,
I have come the primrose way!”*

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Whether life be fair or frown,
Without fortune or renown,
On the land or on the sea,
Only grant that I may be
Brave of heart as he,
That I with him may say:
“Life is over! Life was gay,
I have come the primrose way!”

Whether sunshine or the rain,
Less of pleasure, more of pain,
Smiles, or storms or sleet or snow,
Whate’er may be the lot I know,
Or what pathway I may go,
Still with courage let me say:
“Life is over! Life was gay—
I have come the primrose way!”

Little matter here the loss,
Or the burden or the cross,
So that I may bravely bear,
Day by day my cross of care,
So this be my daily prayer,
And with cheer I still can say:
“Life is over! Life was gay—
I have come the primrose way!”

For whate’er the road we go,
Still for us primroses grow,
If we have the eyes to see
The good that comes to you and me,
On the land or on the sea,
If we have the heart to say:
“Life is over! Life was gay—
I have come the primrose way!”

THE TWO SILENCES

Whittier

No noisy clamor of the world, no strife,
But the soft going out of his soul into life.
No song but silence, befitting the better birth
Of the Spirit, bound by the breath of the earth.
Silence and Peace and the uplifted face
Whereon the angel of patience and of grace
Had spoken softly benediction, not regret,
That his September sun, unclouded, soon must set.

Peace and the Presence of the near-abiding One,
Whose name he knew as Servant, Brother, Son.
And so came death to him who loved his kind
With human sympathy, and who divined
His duty with the simple faith that stood
For Love and Freedom, vital Truth and Good.

Tennyson

Silence again for all the world. Afar
Throbs the heart of the world in the moaning bar!
Silence and Peace! Make no loud wail for him
Who saw, beyond the far horizon's rim,
The Light that never was on land or sea;
Who hath gone calmly forth into the mystery,
Whereof he prophecied and fairly saw
And sung, with such sweet art and awe.

Such souls as his go bravely forth alone—
Seers of the secrets of the deep Unknown.
Red o'er the Sunset Isles shines the low evening
star:
Silence and one clear call from the near-far,
And the swift answer! Then Peace which cannot
fail,
Since he who sung has found the Holy Grail.

WONDERING

Who are you? And who am I?
And wouldn't we like to know?
And is Heaven up in the sky?
And where, I wonder, do we go
When we at last must die?

They tell us there isn't any sky,
But only Space, with suns
And stars that whirl and fly,
Out where eternity runs
And millenniums multiply!

What is Space and what is Time?
I wonder who can tell?
Is all senseless or sublime?
Did things just happen? Well?
Are we just the toys of Time?

Or is life the gift of the gods—
Gods many or gods few?
Are we here at their beck and nods,
With nothing on earth to do
But carry our hopes in hods?

Or may it not be that we
Have a part and a place to fill?
That we build for eternity?—
That somewhere over the hill
There's a place for you and me?

Else I wonder, wonder why
We have dared to dream our dreams?
And there really is a sky,
And Heaven is what it seems,
And Love was not born to die!

What is the ether none can see,
What are atoms, electrons? Say!
Are they immortal and not we?
Are spirits only of today,
And atoms of eternity?

Then is Matter more than Man?
Is the Spirit than Matter less?
Is the Spirit that says "I can"
To come at last and confess
That God made a failure of Man?

Who are you and I any way?—
Just dawdles of the Divine—
The playthings of an idle day—
With all that we call "Mine"
To be carelessly thrown away?

And is this the end of all
That we have dreamed and dared?
Is there no answer to our call?
Is there no God that cared?—
Kiss me! Let the curtain fall!

MAY DREAMS

Who dreams has need of one to say
"Your dreams are of the Day,
Your dreams are of the May,
And they shall yet come true—
Love sends this word to you:
Behold, all things made new."

O happy they whose loves survive,
Who loving once, still keep alive
The music in the household hive,
With all sweet memories of Mays,
And all bright things of other days,
With all the little loving ways.

For they shall come at last and find
The mountain to the sun inclined;
And all the hillsides richly vined,
With sunshine where the hilltops part,
And May forever set apart
For all who keep a loving heart.

A LITTLE MAIDEN FAIR

I saw a little maiden fair,
With bridal wreath in her hair :
A happy little maiden she
As any little miss might be.

What were her dreams? Who knows?—
When little maidens dream of beaux,
With bridal blossoms in their hair,
And May a-blooming everywhere?

O little maid! I wonder what
Of joy the years will bring, or not?
Will all your dreams of Love come true?
Or will the years bring only rue?

I loved a little maid as fair
As you, with blossoms in her hair,
And with her dreams as sweet as May—
I loved her—but she went away!

And I am wondering, wondering still,
That it should be the Father's will
To claim her as His own, since she
Was happy as a maid could be?

And I am wondering, wondering, too,
As I am questioning of you:
Would her sweet dreams of Love come true,
Or would the world have brought her rue?

We do not know! And it is better so!
We go our ways alone, as all must go;
She went her way and left us here,
Who was so gracious and so dear!

But still I know that God is good,
His ways are wise, when understood;
He knoweth all and therefore He
Will keep my darling one for me!

Yet every maiden fair I see
Brings back her girlish face to me;
The promise of her womanhood
Was sweet, as she was wholesome, good.

Now I am wondering, can she be
In Love's heaven less fair than she
Was while on the earth with us,
Who loved her and who love her thus?

If Love makes earthly maidens fair,
With bridal blossoms in their hair,
Will Love do less for them than we,
Out in Love's vast eternity?

It must be so, since God is Love!
Therefore Somewhere, beyond, above—
Wherever Heaven is, Love is—
For surely all who love are His!

I will hold fast this faith, nor quail,
Whatever earthly hopes may fail,
Since God is Love and therefore she
Is safe through all eternity!

I will be brave to be and bear,
Believing still my Father's care
Encompasses all land and sea,
And He will bring mine own to me!

This is the simple creed I hold:
That still the arms of Love enfold
The children of His love and care,
Here and there and everywhere!

THE HALO OF THE HAZE

The halo of the haze, serene and sweet,
Spreads o'er the purple hills afar—
The trailing of the glory of the feet
Of Autumn, fair with sun and star,
Aglow with the transfigured light
Of late September, calm and mild,
Subdued, yet beautiful and bright
As Memory in the heart of Age—a child.

THE PRAIRIES

Let others sing of countries where
Old country seats and castles fair,
With trophies rich and pictures rare,
All breathe of the old country air—
I sing of plains and prairies, bare
Except for cabins, here and there,
Far from the crowded crossings, where
Heroic souls mock at despair
And scoff at dangers, while they wear
The smile that stays and gives the dare
To unseen enemies everywhere,
While they go on their round of care,
Of toil and trouble and of prayer,
Far from the city's lure and snare!

These are the men and women, who,
Like the heroic Mayflower crew,
Braved all the bitter winds that blew,
And all the dangers that they knew,
Believing still that God is true,
His promises forever new;
And that their God would do
As He had promised, without rue!
These are the men and women, too,
Who left old homesteads for the new,
Who marked out pathways through
The land of Sac and Fox and Sioux—
They were the Prairie Schooner crew
Who won the West for me and you!

I sing of their heroic time and deed,
Courageous souls, who dared to bleed
Their hands and feet to serve the need,
To plow the soil and sow the seed,
To raise the wheat and corn to feed
The hungry, human hordes, who breed
In city slums and palaces of greed!
They were true heroes, though indeed
They never here may get their meed

Of praise, and those who read
May slight the ones for whom I plead:
The heroes whose unwritten creed
Is: "They serve best who meet the need!
They love most who do the deed!"

BECAUSE I DO NOT KNOW

Because I do not know, I will be kind
To those who on the road I find—
Companions of the unknown way,
Who walk with me, day after day.

Because I do not know, I will await
The swinging of the outward gate
That leads where all must go—
But where we do not know!

And because the way is all unknown,
And each of us must go alone
Into the mystery that awaits
The swinging of the silent gates—

I would be very patient here
With all whom I hold near and dear,
Since they with me must share
My lot of love and common care.

And now, because the years are few,
And there is so much I want to do,
I will not waste my time in fret
O'er things 'tis better to forget!

And, too, because the task is great,
And I have little time to wait,
I will go on my way alone,
And trust the Love that can atone!

Because—ah yes! And just because
Love is not bound by any laws
That man has made—still will I dare
The Future—and will not despair!

“JUST BECAUSE YOU ARE MY FRIEND”

Just because you are my friend,
I do not ask that you defend,
I do not ask that you may give—
I only ask that I may live
As one who is a friend should
Live; that I may be simply good;
That I may be fearless, free,
And that you may be thus with me;
That we may have the kindred mind,
That in each other we may find
True comradeship of spirit; not
That we may be one in thought,
Nor one in purpose or in plan,
But that we each may be a man.

Just because you are my friend,
I do not ask that you attend
My every wish and idle whim,
Or reef your sails and trim
To suit the squalls that shake
My little bark, and that may make
Me seek the shore—but that you sail
Right onward in the gale,
And face the fates and brave the sea,
Nor waste your strength on me;
That you may falter not but go
Forth bravely; that you may know
My heart is with you where you've gone—
And that my face is toward the Dawn!

HIS HUMAN HANDS

O those tender hands! His hands, so human, so
divine!

I wish that He might lay his human hand in mine,
That He might lay His tender hand upon my brow,
That I might know His kindly presence now!

His hands—His human hands—were pierced for
me!

They nailed His outstretched hands upon the tree!
Now evermore His holy, human, helpful hands
Are still outreached to comfort all the lands!

His outstretched hands are symbols still
Of love and sympathy and good will:
His holy, human hands once bore the heavy Cross,
And we must bear it now, or Love will suffer loss!

He was the Son of Man, and lifted up,
He drank upon the cruel Cross the bitter cup
Of all earth's agony and woe, that we
With Him might share the Cross and lifted be!

He wants that we shall go with outstretched hands
To bear His gospel unto all the lands—
The message of His peace that all may find
Strength for the weak and leading for the blind!

Still with His outstretched arms He stands
In pity pleading, reaching forth His bleeding
hands,
That all who follow Him may come at last to know
The Cross is still the way that Love must go!

AWAY FROM HOME

O for some friend who loves me much
To come tenderly and touch
The harpstrings of my soul!
O for the Love that maketh whole,
Calm and complete,
Serene and sweet,
Amid the stress and strife
Of this sea-girted life,
While here we roam—
Where souls are weather-bound,
Off the shoals, out of sight or sound—
Away from Home!

WHERE BUTTERCUPS GROW

Old Sweetheart mine! Come let us go
Back to wonderland, where buttercups grow—
Out where the bandits somehow forgot
A bit of Nature's long-hidden plot,
Where she has managed to conceal
Treasures, where robbers could not steal—
More to her heart and ours than gold,
The wealth of the wilderness and wold,
Where lovers and little children stray
In the moonlit meadows of the May!

Let us be children again today,
And love as children once more and stray;
And casting all of our cares behind,
Let us wander and wonder again and find
Nature's old secrets, kept concealed
From all but lovers, to whom are revealed
Her treasures of beauty and tenderness,
In words softly spoken, in gentle caress—
Old Sweetheart mine, come let us go
Back to wonderland, where buttercups grow!

You remember, Dear, the secluded spot
Where the buttercups grew in a secret plot,
And how we gathered them there in May
So long ago? You remember, Dear, the day
That I told the story of love to you,
And you answered not! But somehow I knew
That you had given your love to me,
And that you were mine and mine to be
For evermore, on the sea or on the shore,
Till the sea and land shall be no more!

Old Sweetheart mine! So let us go
Back to wonderland, where buttercups grow—
To the spot where dreams of love are born,
Fresh as the dew on the lips of morn,
In the silence of solitudes, cool and sweet,
Where nothing can hinder our wandering feet;

Where love trips out at the finger tips,
And lingers long upon lover's lips—
Where no one listens and no one cares,
And only God can hear Love's prayers.

WHAT IS IT?

What is it that is best in womankind,
Which the heart loves most and longest,
Which holds affection strongest?—
Eyes that look out from a woman's mind,
Transparent, clear as the summer sky
In the morning; as the dew on the grass,
Yet deep as dreams are when they pass,
As skies are deep when clouds go by,
Then bright again as flowers are bright,
With the dewdrops on them in the light.

What is it that is best in womankind,
Which strengthens the weak spirit
Of him who is quick to hear it?—
The word that with wisdom is refined
With the strength of the creed and diet;
Yet bright with the fancy and flavor
Of maiden's merriment and favor,
To him who must live and love by it!
And free as the breath of the Spirit
To him who is quick to hear it!

What is it that is best in womankind,
Which lovers and husbands cherish
As precious, when all things else perish?—
Pure, strong affection, that can bind
The heart to the heart most holy—
Bind love and its burden together,
In May and midwinter weather;
Which is lovely be life ever so lowly,
Which is happy and takes delight in
Letting the sunshine bright in!

A BROKEN SLATE PENCIL

I picked it up along the street,
And memory upon fancy's feet
Flew like a woodland fairy fleet,
With face familiar and as sweet
As Her's I knew so long ago—
The little girl I used to know,
The one whom I loved so,
And who loved me, too, I trow.

I saw Her sitting in her seat,
Her gingham dress was simple, neat;
I saw her swinging her bare feet,
And saw her smile, so tender, sweet,
Behind her old geography,
In her childish coquetry—
And all the days came back to me
From yester-years of memory!

I saw the country schoolhouse set
Amid the cornfields. I can not forget
The by-lane where we often met,
Where wild flowers, dewdrop wet,
Lured us to loiter in the May,
As children in their gladness play,
Lured us to wander and to stray,
Truants along Love's sunny way!

I saw the sweet wild roses where
She wore a wreath upon her hair,
And they to me were not more fair
Than her sweet face which I saw there.
Her eyes were such a wondrous blue,
So lustrous and so loving, true,
Her cheeks had such a rosy hue,
Wherein I read, "I'm loving you!"

Strange that a little thing like this
Should bring the heart so much of bliss!—
The memory of a childish kiss,

The tender love we so much miss,
When with the empty years we grow,
Too wise to love, too wise to know,
And in our loneliness we go,
And drink the bitter cup of woe!

My eyes somehow are in a blur,
In vision fair I'm seeing Her,
And all the happy days that were!
And now again my heartstrings stir,
As age slips off and youth returns,
And in my heart still burns
The love that lures and yearns
O'er dust and ashes in life's urns!

Swiftly the years have sped away,
But still I'm loving Her today,
As once I loved Her in the May,
And still I long to hear Her say:
"My old sweetheart, I'm loving you
Just like I used to do!
You are the choice of all the crew,
Of all that mystic band we knew!"

LIFE ABOUNDING

O it is true, it is true:
"Behold He maketh all things new!"
The hills are resounding
With life—life abounding!
October and May
Are but God's own way
Of showing us. See!
Life in each bush and tree
Is trembling now
In every bough;
And bud and blossom soon will show
The glory of it. Let us go
Forth likewise
With uplifted eyes!

THE UPWARD WAY

With blinded eyes we still must grope
Along the sorrow-shadowed slope,
Where sun and stars refuse to shine,
Still seeking ever the divine.

Forevermore the pathways lead,
Where suffering hearts still bleed:
And yet Love ever leads the way
Out of darkness into day.

Forevermore it has been so!
Love goes with him who dares to go
The Upward Way, while faith leads on
In the old way our loved have gone.

We dream our dreams and dare to doubt,
But dare not go alone without—
Love will not let us go alone—
And Love will always find her own.

Beyond all the doubts that shake
Our souls and sometimes make
Us cowards, we still bear up
And, shrinking, drink the bitter cup.

Love makes us brave to be and bear
The dread, the doubt and the despair;
For somehow we believe and know
That what we dreamed of Love is so.

Therefore we still hold fast the creed,
As old as human woe and need—
Old as the agony and the cry
Of mothers when their children die.

And still Love dares and dreams
More and marvelous than what seems;
And he who loves is ever bold
To believe Love's creed and hold.

“JUST BUDDY”

*(To the “Unknown and Nameless” Soldier Boy,
who now sleeps in the Arlington Cemetery, Washing-
ton, D. C.)*

Yet not “unknown and nameless” he,
Nor shall he nameless ever be!
One name he has, forever sweet,
Where comrades sleep, where comrades meet!

One name he has, beyond the worth
Of monuments that turn to earth—
One name more precious than his own,
That in the records reads, “Unknown.”

In all our hearts he is enshrined
One of our own, our common kind—
“Buddy” of all the nameless ones,
Brother of all our mothers’ sons.

Now all mother-hearts will claim him,
Now all mother-love will name him:
To each one he will be “My Boy”—
All mothers’ son, all mothers’ joy.

“Just Buddy”—this shall be his name!
Forever fair shall be his fame,
Because with every mother’s son
He shares the glory that all won!

Just Buddy—let his comrades keep
Sacred the spot where he shall sleep;
Write on his tomb in Arlington
“Just Buddy”—all true mothers’ son.

So shall this name forever be
Held dearest in the memory
Of all who love and all who weep,
Of all who lost, of all who keep!

“THE PILGRIMS”

*(Written on the three hundredth anniversary of
the landing of the “Pilgrim Fathers” on
the bleak New England shore.)*

Through three historic centuries this name
Has come to us, still fragrant with their fame,
These hardy folk from far across the sea,
Who dreamed and dared to seek for liberty.

A pilgrim band—the way was all untried—
They dreamed their dream and dared and died:
Brave, humble souls, believing in their God,
They sought a land their feet had never trod.

So they set forth, not knowing where they went,
Believing they were heaven-called and sent—
True children of the Hebrew saints of old,
They journeyed not for fortune nor for gold.

They sought to build a home where they could rear
Their children in the knowledge and the fear
Of God, to them the Sovereign Lord and King,
Whom to obey and worship was a solemn thing!

Thus they went forth, the Mayflower bore them out
Into the great unknown of dread and doubt!
What fears and hopes were theirs we little know,
Save that they heard the Voice that bade them
“Go!”

They knew not they were heroes, nor that they
Were pioneers to point the world the way:
They sought a better country—a pilgrim band,
Who journeyed from the East to Canaan’s land!

But not for them the land of flock and herd,
For them the leading of God’s holy word—
That “dearest countrie” was the heavenly land,
Toward which they set them forth, a pilgrim band.

The land they found was but a stopping place,
And they the heirs of His redeeming grace;
They held in trust that which they here received,
From heaven's King, in whom they had believed.

They builded better than they dreamed or knew,
These hardy heroes of the Mayflower crew,
Who laid foundation for the Church and State,
Beyond the wisdom of the wise and great.

For God was leading—the Hand of Destiny,
That marked for them a pathway through the sea,
Was in the Covenant to which they set their seal,
To build a Nation for the commonweal.

For Freedom they set forth—through them God
wrought
For larger freedom, far beyond their thought—
He put the bit of leaven in their human mind
To grow a commonwealth for all mankind!

So from this compact of the Mayflower crew
The Covenant of Freedom sprung and grew,
Till what was once the passion of the few
Became the power to build the world anew!

MY FUTURE

Why should I be envious of the little fame
That clusters 'round my neighbor's name?
'Tis but a little while—the world is brief—
The end of gladness is the end of grief;
No matter! I forget it: let it pass—
As I forget the shadows on the grass
I walked on yesterday. Today for me
Is a new future! I will hope and be
What yesterday I dreamed of! What today
I hold is worthless, but to throw away!
Love lives forever in the dewy dawn—
I greet my Future—let the past be gone!

CHILDHOOD

O little ones, I can but envy you,
To whom all things are new—
The great big world and all
The romance of its call!
I dream again with you,
I hear it calling, too;
For in my heart today
I hear the old world say:
“I am waiting for you still
To climb another hill!
I dare you to come out
And be a real Boy Scout—
To take your place among
The heroes yet unsung!”

I am reading in your books
All the romance of the brooks
And the rivers, as they run,
Of the stars and of the sun;
Wonders of all the lands,
Of the marvels wrought by hands,
The strange things they have done,
The victories they have won;
All the treasures they have found,
In the sea, the sky, the ground,
In every land, on every shore;
And as I read them o'er and o'er
I am a boy once more,
With all the big world to explore.

O little boys and girls,
With flaxen hair and curls,
And with eager ears and eyes,
For every new surprise,
That just beyond you lies,
In the dreamland of the skies!
I am wondering with you
What you are going to do,
And just what you will find,

For the palace of your mind,
When you have traveled 'round
The whole world and have found,
That while the feet may roam,
The heart will come back home!

WHEN THANKSGIVING COMES

The friends we used to know are fewer,
And the world has lost its lure;
Lowering skies a little lower
Than they ever seemed before—
When Thanksgiving comes!

And the dear friends still that linger
Hold us with Love's little finger!
We know our hold is breaking,
And the friends of youth forsaking—
When Thanksgiving comes!

Life grows just a little sweeter,
While the years fly fast and fleeter;
And we feel a little older,
And the world a little colder—
When Thanksgiving comes!

Hearts grow just a little kinder,
With Love's old sad, sweet reminder
Of the years that used to be,
Dearer grown to you and me—
When Thanksgiving comes!

Heaven seems a little nearer,
And we see things a little clearer,
And we hold our Hope still dearer,
As life grows a little drearer—
When Thanksgiving comes!

Love me, Dear, a little longer,
Bind my heart a little stronger,
Guide me, lead me, hold me,
In Love's sheltering arms enfold me—
When Thanksgiving comes!

THE SONGS I WILL SING

Through all the long hours of Summer, the crush
of the feverish heat,
My heart has echoed softly to the patter of little
feet;
To the weary tread of the toilers to the halting
steps of age,
To the prattle of little children, to the prayers of
the waiting sage.

Crushed by my own heavy burdens, I have left un-
sung my songs,
While my heart grew sore with passion, o'er the
world's unresting wrongs;
The sadness of my own spirit beats vainly against
the bars,
Yet hope bears up and skyward sweeps my spirit
with the stars.

Though my sorrow is swift upon me, and I fain
would cry aloud,
I will bear my pain and anguish in the silence
of the crowd:
I will sing—and men shall hear me! They shall
wonder whence it came—
This song I have kept in silence—to sing it shall
be my fame!

I will sing of the old deep longings of men in the
stress of toil,
For the things that will not perish—the things
of the soul and the soil:
For the beauty and strength of spirit, symbolled
in flower and leaf,
In the monarch oak of the forest, glorified in its
Autumn grief!

For the hope of the resurrection of all beautiful,
soulful things,
For the thrilling thought of Morning, when the
spirit on light wings,

Shall sweep the distant summits of hilltops bathed
in sun,
And full of life's new yearnings, seek sweet tasks
for triumphs won!

CHRISTMAS WISHES

May Christmas bring to you this year
The memory of the things most dear:
The love of them that love you,
The smile of heaven above you;
The touch of tender fingers,
The thrill of heart that lingers,
When the holidays are over,
Like the smell of fields of clover,
In the summer of the year,
When all things, far and near,
Are sweet with love and laughter!

May all the days thereafter
Be brighter for the blessing
Of the Christmas hands caressing;
For the giving and receiving,
With the children still believing
In the Santa Claus of childhood—
In the Giver of all good!

May His mercies still attend you,
And His mighty hand defend you!
And may His rich grace supply
All best things that satisfy;
While for all the heavy crosses,
All the trials and the losses,
All the things for which you've striven,
May the peace of Christ be given,
With His presence with you still,
All your hearts with joy to fill!

“IT MUST NOT BE AGAIN”

*(Standing by the grave of the “Unknown Soldier”
in Arlington Cemetery, President Harding said: “It
must not be again!”)*

“It must not be again!”
Tell it out with tongue and pen!
Shout it! Sing it everywhere!
Over all our prairies fair,
O’er the mountains and the plains,
Sound it forth in swelling strains!
Sing it out in glad refrain:
“It must not be again!”

“It must not be again!”
Tell it out to toiling men,
On the farms, in shop and store
That War—War shall be no more!
Tell it out where mothers pray,
Out where little children play!
Sing it out in glad refrain:
“It must not be again!”

“It must not be again!”
Tell it! Tell it to the men
We have sent to make our laws;
To the men, who in the cause
Of human freedom, gave their best—
O’er the graves where heroes rest!
Sing it out in glad refrain:
“It must not be again!”

“It must not be again!”
Tell it to the nations, when
In the councils of the world,
Till the battle-flags are furl’d,
And universal Peace shall reign!
Sing it out in glad refrain:
“It must not be again!”

PRIMROSES IN WINTER

Thanks for this gracious gift that brings
Back to me the memory of Springs,
With all the tender thought of things,
That flew away on fairy wings
Of Childhood, in the long ago!
Memories of the drifts of snow,
Along the staked-and-ridered row,
Where I in boyhood used to go,
Where primroses nestling in the grass,
Smile to little children as they pass,
Or as each little lad or lass
Knelt down in childhood's holy mass!

And thus I worship, as I find,
Primroses growing in my mind,
With Johnnie-jump-ups, too, entwined,
And all the flowers of youth enshrined,
With glad, sweet memories of May,
And all the joys that flew away,
When all the world was happy, gay,
And life was full of childish play,
And what I knew of life was good,
Though little then was understood,
As we went roving through the wood
In childhood's merry hardihood.

I see the wild sweet-williams, where
They waved their banners in the air,
While I went roving, without care,
Across the prairies blooming fair;
I see the lads and lassies, too,
That in my boyhood years I knew,
With all the roving, romping crew,
Whose wills were like the winds that blew
Across the prairies and carressed
The wild birds in their grassy nest,
While life was lavish of its best,
And I with birds and flowers blest!

FOR THE KISS YOU GAVE ME, DEAR

The birds don't sing, it seems
Quite as gaily unto me;
Yet in my waking dreams
Your dear girl-face I see.
The fleeting days are fleeter,
As my days are fewer here;
But all life and love are sweeter
For the kiss you gave me, Dear!

Swiftly years have sped away,
Now my hair is white as snow,
Yet remembered is the May
Of the years so long ago;
Love sings in common meter,
But still I like to hear;
For all life and love are sweeter
For the kiss you gave me, Dear.

The flowers still bloom for me,
But somehow they are not
Fragrant as they used to be,
In that dear, sacred spot,
We knew in childhood's hours;
Still are they precious here,
These good, old-fashioned flowers,
For the kiss you gave me, Dear.

Still Springtime days are glad,
And the bird-song brings a thrill
To my heart when I am sad.
Out afar upon the hill
I can hear the thrush's trill,
And the robin piping clear;
And all life grows sweeter still,
For the kiss you gave me, Dear.

The summer days are long,
And my feet oft' lagging go,
And I weary of the throng—
Strangers that I do not know.

Yet September days are fair,
And the landscape, far and near;
Life is richer everywhere,
For the kiss you gave me, Dear.

The dark days of November,
Are not quite as dark to me,
And the drear days of December
Pass not half so drearily:
For the memory I cherish,
Of your sweet presence here;
For the love that will not perish,
For the kiss you gave me, Dear.

THE HARVEST RECOMPENSE

There's a glory in the passing of the things that
can not stay,
And a recompense of rapture, rejoicing with each
day:
In the music of the Maying—song of robin and of
thrush—
In the trailing of the twilight, in the humor of the
hush
Of Nature, listless, lulling, soothing sound and
sight,
In the reconciliations of the still and starry night.

There's a glory in the going of the Summer sun
and sky,
In the bounty of the beauty of the things born
but to die:
In the symbols set in dew-drops, seen on every
flower and leaf;
In the sunrise of rejoicing, in the sunset of relief;
In the mystery of the marvel of the harvest rec-
ompense—
In the coming of the glory here, and in its going
hence!

BESIDE THE IRON GATE

I have seen the glory of the dying year
Aflame in all the trees. With glad eyes,
Clearer now for all the blinding tears,
Uplifted to the sweet October skies,
I look forth calmly and await
The falling splendors and the somber gray
Of my November. Beside the iron gate
I sit me down and dream of May.

I know that what has been of good
Was so because He willed it. So He wills—
His will is wisdom, wisely understood.
I lift my eyes unto the patient hills,
Behind which suns rise and run again
To set. It is always as it seems
Where God is. Change is with men—
We are wise only in our dreams.

I know that what He wills must be—
God is and Love abideth true,
And faith is strong. I look to see
New heaven and new earth—the old made new—
I bide His wisdom and His kindly way.
We may not know the secret of His might,
But we shall find the blossom in the May—
The iron gate will open in the night.

JOHN BURROUGHS

Seer serene of Nature's gentler ways,
And singer of the soothing lays
That quiet bring to troubled hearts,
Who tread the busy paths and marts
Of trade and traffic in the wares
That breed delusions and despairs—
We do not mourn for thee today,
But for ourselves, who go our way,
Without the guiding of thy hand
Through Nature's near, new Holy Land;

The leading of thy heart to show
The glory of it, as we go
With thee, along the common road,
Where each must bear his loss and load.

We thank thee now that thou hast shown
To us the things before unknown—
The secrets hidden in the grass,
That with unseeing eyes we pass;
The bird-song that we did not hear,
Because we lacked the hearing ear,
Until you taught us how to find
The secret of the quiet mind,
The solace of the silent soul,
While all about us noises roll;
The calm, the quiet, the content,
The simple meaning, the intent
Of Nature and of Nature's God—
The secret of the soul and sod.

INTO THE MYSTERY

Is it down or up we are going?
Thither and whither away?
South wind or North wind blowing—
Cometh the Night or Day?
East wind or West wind, straying,
Bemoaning, beseeching, praying—
Whither the end?
Come hither my friend:
We will weather the weather
And go forth together
Into the Mystery
Of the Deep Sea!
We shall hear, we shall see—
As it is, let it be:
Who fears not is free!
As He wills, it will be:
Go bravely forth then—
Amen and Amen!

THE REAL EMPIRE BUILDERS*

Not the statesmen, not the men of wealth,
Nor the proud holders of Colonial estates;
But sturdy pioneers, with rugged health,
The plain backwoodsmen and their mates,
In homespun flannels and in jeans,
In their rude cabins in the clears,
Who fared on acorn-soup and beans,
And hushed their hunger and their fears;
Whose staple diet was cornpone
And johnny-cake and jerked deer meat;
Who conquered the wilderness alone,
Through winter and summer, cold and heat;
Who fought their enemies by day,
And watched their clearings in the night;
Who blazed for us and ours the way,
By their stern manhood and their might.

Rough hands, crooked to the ploughtail,
Were shaped to fit the rifle trigger;
The arms, used to the scythe and flail,
Were strong with virtue and its vigor;
The red blood in their hearts and veins
Leaped to the hardest tasks and fray;
They knew the daily toils and pains,
Both how to watch and how to pray;
Knew how to fight the fight of faith,
And how to keep their powder dry;
Knew what the Lord Jehovah saith,
And how to live and how to die.
Strong-hearted men and women these,
Who laid foundations for the state;
Who shaped the Nation's destinies,
And made the Republic truly great.

**"The real empire builders of our Colonial period were not the statesmen, the men of wealth, the great planters; but the pioneers who fought single-handed and at once both the primeval wilderness and the lurking savage. The hand crooked to the ploughtail was shaped to the trigger."—"Historic Milestones," YOUTH'S COMPANION, Oct. 12, 1922.*

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

What is it memory recalls
Of the old homestead? Just bare walls,
Or a place of memories and mirth?—
The dearest spot to you on earth!

Where was it? Little matter where,
In memory it stands, still fair,
As when in childhood's idle hours,
It stood amid old-fashioned flowers!

Ah, yes! And fairer with the years,
And holier for the hopes and fears,
For all the trials and the tears,
For all that tenders and endears!

The dear old homestead, that was mine,
Where morning glory vines entwine,
And wild grape vines in tangles run,
A shelter from the summer sun!

The old homestead that was yours, mayhap
Was cradled in the deep wood's lap,
Beneath the maples and the oaks,
The gathering place for old home folks.

Like mine, perhaps, it wasn't much
To look at—but then it was such
A homey, friendly sort of spot
For grown-ups and the little tot!

It was the place that you loved best,
Where others like to come to rest:
It was the place where Mother was—
And so you loved it—just because!

Now that the years have fled away,
And those we loved in childhood's May,
Have gone forevermore to stay,
The heart of memory will stray.

But still my memory holds them dear,
With all that makes life holy here—
The old homestead of childhood's days—
And for it all I sing my praise!

IF WE BUT LOVED ARIGHT

We may not praise the living, lest they be
Spoiled by adulation and by flattery—
So say the wise, or ones that we call such!
And yet the ones that serve us need so much
The word of just appreciation and of praise
To stay their souls through all the troubled days!

I think if we but understood, somehow
We would be more thoughtful and would not allow
The word of love to be so long unspoken,
The hearts of those we love thus to be broken
By our unkindness, by our silences, as though
We did not care for them who love us so!

If we but loved with clearer sight the ones
Whose love for us is as the light of suns,
As sure, unfailing, steadfast, day by day,
Who walk with us along the dusty way,
Who bear for us the burden and the heavy cross,
We would not let them suffer needless loss.

If we but loved aright, then we would understand,
And we would not withhold the helping hand;
Then we would not forget to speak the word,
That would be as the song of woodland bird
To hearts that otherwise were lonely, sad,
Who in our gladness might be happy, glad!

ALL THE ROLICKING YEAR THROUGH

Whether the world be glad and gay,
Or dire with discontent, dismay,
Depends on what we do and say,
And how we work and how we pray;
How we keep our hearts in tune
With the Springtime and the June;
And whether in December
We still love and still remember

All the good things we have shared
With the neighbors, who have fared
With us along the friendly way,
Through January, March and May,
Not forgetting February,
And April winds, sometimes contrary;
July, August and September,
October, November and December—
All the rollicking year through:
Until we find all things made new—
While I still believe in you,
And in the other fellow, too;
And you still believe in me,
And thus we come in all to see
That God is good and what He gives,
And all the things by which man lives.

“THE CROSS! THE CROSS!”

“The Cross! The Cross!” Spake the tremulous voice
Of Paul the aged, as he cried, “Rejoice!”
All things are yours! Rejoice! Rejoice!
I have seen the Lord and beheld His sign,
When I saw a great light in the desert shine!”

“The Cross! The Cross!” Sang the holy choir:
“The Cross of Christ is our desire!
The symbol of love in the tongues of fire!”
And rapture thrilled in the lofty tone
Of the final word: “Alone! Alone!”

“The Cross! The Cross!” The ransomed cry,
And all the airs of heaven sigh,
And all the songs of singers vie
Together, while my lips are dumb!
With the Beloved I cry, “Lord Jesus, come!”

THE OLD WONDER

We wondered when in childhood's days
We wandered in untrodden ways,
Across the meadows, through the wood,
And took in simple faith the good;
Yet questioned in our childish thought
Why things were so, and why we ought
To think just this or that, or no,
And why we could not stay or go,
And why the world was made just so!
Our wills were like the winds that blow
Across the meadow lands in May,
And boys and breezes still will stray!

And older grown, we wondered still
Just what was lying o'er the hill,
Where we could see the sun come up,
That looked to us like a golden cup,
And we could see it drawing up
The dew-drops, for the stars to sup;
We wondered where the sun went down,
Beyond the little inland town;
And when the lingering twilight fell
We felt the things we can not tell!
And with the years the wonder grew,
For one of that old merry crew
Of romping, roving, care-free boys,
Who found their freedom in the joys,
That only they have ever found,
Who were cradled on the good, sweet ground!

And still I'm wondering as of old
What all the Future may unfold?
The Spring to me is just as sweet,
As when with roving, romping feet,
I wandered through the silent wood,
And now as then I find it good!
The flowers are just as fair today
As once they were, in that glad May
Of long ago—and fairer grown

For all the Mays that I have known!
And Junes have their romances yet,
Because of One I can't forget!

The Summer and the Autumn bring
The songs I dream but can not sing;
And Winter, with its charm and chill,
Throws over me its old spell still,
As when I felt the childish thrill
Of catching snowflakes on my tongue,
And knew the joys of being young!

And still I'm wondering, wondering where
That country is, more wondrous fair
Than any that mine eyes have seen,
Beyond the mists that lie between,
The ones I love but can not see,
And whether they remember me,
And whether I shall know them there,
And whether we shall find at last
The Future holdeth all the Past?

DREAMS

O what dreams of delight
Hast thou seen in the night?
Or what vision of good
Hast thou understood?

I ask this of thine heart!
To dream is the better part
Of all love that is true—
To dream and then do.

The dreams must be first,
The bud ere it can burst
Into beautiful bloom
To fill all the room

With its sweet. It is thus
Dreams must first come to us,
Which we open and find
Love forever enshrined!

SOMEONE TO LOVE ME

I want someone to love me
Someone glad and gay;
I want someone to love me,
Someone to come and play
With me and make me
Go life's happy way.
I want someone to take me
By the hand and lead me—
I want some little child—
I want someone to need me,
Some white soul, undefiled,
To love me and forgive,
Some little helpless child
To show me how to live!

I want someone to love me,
Someone that I can love;
Someone that is above me,
To draw me from above;
And yet someone that knows,
Someone that has borne
The burden and the blows!
Someone that can mourn,
Yet someone that can cheer,
Someone that can smile
And wipe away the tear;
Some sweet soul, without guile,
And without doubt or fear,
To go Love's second mile.

I want someone to love me,
Someone to understand,
I want someone to shove me,
Someone to command:
Someone to hold my heart,
Someone to take my hand,
And lead me by the art
That only love may know;
Someone to show the way

My wayward feet should go;
Someone to guide and stay
My sightless soul along
The pathway, lest I stray,
Lest I forget Love's song!

JUST TO KNOW YOU LOVE ME NOW

Just to love is to be blest,
Just to be loved somehow brings rest
To tired hands and wayworn feet,
And makes familiar pathways sweet,
The while we go our quiet ways,
Along the byroads of the days.

Just to find an unfilled place,
And fill it with delight and face
The world with gladness, even while
The shadows mingle with the smile:
Just to love and loving share
The burdens two alone can bear.

Just to love and just to know
That we are loved before we go
Away from those we love for aye;
Just to hear the dear ones say:
"I love you so!" While the caress
Of gentle hands brings blessedness.

I ask no better boon than this:
To feel the touch of baby's kiss
Upon my forehead, while I bear
The blessed burdens love may share;
To hear the prattle of the speech
Wiser than all the creeds can teach.

To clasp the hand of love in mine,
And know somehow life is divine;
To feel the tender, soft caress
Of loving, old-time tenderness—
To feel your hand upon my brow,
And just to know You love me now!

THE ARTIST

A rickety old wagon and a horse ringboned
And spavined, a driver with an old black face,
But with a voice so musically intoned
That it might charm the saints and grace
The choir of heaven in the Holy Place!

An artist he, a buyer of old rags and iron,
His voice as musical as a harp of gold,
Played by the wizard fingers of a Byron
Or a Shelley, singing o'er the strain oft' told,
Repeating o'er and o'er the story old.

“R-a-g-s, r-a-g-s, o-l-d i-r-o-n, i-r-o-n-s!”
Far off and faint, I hear him as he goes,
Down the back alleys, through the environs,
Squalid and miserable, filled with woes:
“O-l-d i-r-o-n-s, r-a-g-s, o-l-d c-l-o-'s!”

And when at last in the far distance dies
His plaintive strain, with its rich melody,
The magic of it lingers, like the light of skies
At twilight, on the quiet southern sea,
Or the faint fragrance of a holy memory.

For I have heard an artist in his way,
Transforming lowliest toil to minstrelsy.
Unconsciously he glorifies the common day,
And he has given of his soul to me,
Revealing something of its solemn mystery.

With a face as black as polished ebony,
And shoulders bent with weary years of toil,
Yet he has caught the heavenly harmony,
Amid the filth of things and the turmoil,
That shows his soul can sing above the soil.

So with a keener zest I take my humble task,
And shape my song to suit the passing whim:
I will not shirk the cross nor dare to ask
The easy pathway, when I think of him,
Nor doubt the promise when the lights grow dim!

MY NEIGHBOR

He was just a common sort of chap,
And I reckon didn't care a rap
How he was dressed, or you,
When he had his work to do.

He went about his daily task,
But never was too tired to ask
What he could do for me or you,
Who had a harder job to do.

A man among all men was he,
One we were always glad to see,
A neighbor we were glad to find,
A brother who was generous, kind.

A frank and friendly sort of man,
One who dared to say, "I can!"
And went ahead and did the thing,
About which poets prate and sing.

He was something of a scholar, too,
And sought the truth and to be true
To Truth wherever found—
A freeman, and yet bound!

The word of God to him was law,
He held it with the sacred awe
Of one who looked on human need,
And walked the path where footsteps bleed.

Yet greater unto him than creed
Was one who dared to do the Deed:
He loved beyond what he could see,
And therefore he loved me!

And so I loved him just because
Love is better than all laws,
For in the Christ of love we found
That we could stand on common ground!

AN INDIAN SUMMER IDYL

Where the hazel thickets triumphant grow,
And the goldenrod and the sumac go
From glory to glory, up and down
The hillside, up to the very crown,
I see the lovely landscape lay,
And little children there at play,
In the sweet October weather,
Boys and girls together,
Merry and merrier than May,
This riotous, rich October day,
Where shady hollow and sunny hillside
Seem glad with a gladness glorified.

And I am happy in the mirth
That runs, rejoicing, o'er all the earth!
Joy is perennial, gladness is gay,
And life laughs still with the lips of May!
Joy walks forever with him who sees
The sunset glory on all the trees;
Who hears the shout and the song rebound
From hilltop to hilltop, all around;
Whose life has broadened into view,
Beyond the bounds his boyhood knew,
Yet finds his faith and hope as strong,
With love and laughter in his song!

THE CHRISTMAS SPELL

It falls upon us like the spell
Of angels singing "All is well!"
And all the earth is holy ground,
Since we have heard the joyful sound
Of Peace on earth goodwill to men,
As thus the angels sung it when
The Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And shepherds came to touch the hem
Of holy garments, as they smiled
Into the face of a little Child.

And evermore the earth has been
A holier place for harried men
And burdened women, and the face
Of childhood has had more of grace
Since the sweet story has been told
Of the fair Christ-Child of old,
Once cradled in a manger—thus
The dear Christ came akin to us,
And through the love of a little Child
God came again to earth and smiled!

And He shall come to earth again,
And bring His peace and joy to men;
For in the heart of childhood lies
The promise of earth's paradise.
Let us believe it and be glad!
The world this Christmastide is sad;
But still the Manger-Child shall hold
His place, and love shall yet enfold
The world back to the heart of God,
And Peace shall kiss the sorrowing sod.

THE KINGLY LIFE

This is the kingly life,
This is the knightly strife:
To suffer and to reign
Supreme o'er every pain
And passion and subdue
(Though wants be few)
All things to noble use,
Until each wrong, abuse,
O'er which men moaned,
Be answered and atoned.

WHEN NOVEMBER NEARS

We grieve for summer when November nears,
We mourn the passing of our youthful years;
We sigh for pleasures that have passed away,
We miss the music and the mirth of May.

And yet I wonder if it may not be
That Love is thereby teaching you and me,
That all there is of joy is of the day—
November may be joyous as the May.

For somehow life has richer grown to me,
By all that mellows in the memory;
And summer suns shine with a softer glow,
As seasons come, sorrows like seasons go.

The Autumn has a glory all its own,
A dream and depth our dreaming had not known;
A recompense that still enriches us beyond
All the enchantment of hope's magic wand.

There is a restful sense of peace that sings,
With the swift passing of our latest springs,
Peace of the long, lingering summer days,
Sung in the anthems of the Autumn's praise.

There is a quietness that still assures,
A steadiness that stays and still endures,
And shining fair upon life's sunny slope
Lift far horizons of my steadfast hope.

For all the sorrows that the years have brought,
Have come to me enrichment of my thought,
The healing of the heart with blessed balm,
A constancy of courage and its calm.

Perhaps what we call sorrow is not so,
If only we could understand and know:
Could we but see beyond horizons dim,
Of land-locked harbors that here hem us in.

For now we know that far beyond the bound
Of all that we can see, of sense or sound,
Lies the illimitable of life and love,
Around about us and beyond, above!

SWEETER THAN ALL ELSE IS YOUR LOVE

O smiles can do wonders, dear Little One,
Your face to me is like the sun,
Shining out from behind the cloud,
Or the mists of morning, which enshroud—
Like sunshine on an April day,
Your smile can drive the mists away!

Your laughter is as sweet to me
As the laugh of birds out in the tree,
While the world still wears a coat of snow,
And winter lingers and March winds blow:
O sweet is the trill from robin's throat,
But sweeter to me is your little note!

For the love of a little one to me
Is sweeter than bird-song in the tree—
Sweeter than all the music of earth,
Since music with little ones had birth;
And the tender smile of a little one
Is fairer to me than light of sun.

Brighter than all the stars that shine
Are two little eyes looking into mine!
And more of heaven there is to me
In a little one's eyes, than I can see
In all the wonders of sun and star,
That shine in the blue of heaven afar!

O I can see in two little eyes
More marvels than in all the skies!
For in your eyes I see your Soul,
More mysterious, marvelous than the whole
Big world, the universe above—
But sweeter than all else is your love!

THE MAY OF MEMORY

The world may rob me—take
My treasures, bruise and break
My heart, despoil my home
And send me forth to roam,
A stranger and alone,
Unloved, unknown,
Leave me to moan
In loneliness tomorrow,
With nothing but my sorrow
And my memories:
But leave me these
And I will still defy
The world, while I
Hold holy here
Your memory, Dear!

Leave me my memories
To soothe and please
My fancies and I will
Go onward, cheerful still,
In spite of all the ill
The world may bring!
I will arise and sing
My song of hope and cheer,
Serenely, without fear,
And scoff at fate,
And all the gods of hate,
While I go on my way,
Still looking for the day
To dawn, nor falter, fear,
For love of you, my Dear!

While Memory shall last,
The holy, happy past
Is mine—and none may take
Your memory nor make
Me fear nor quake,
For Love's sweet sake!
Still will my heart be bold,

Still will I hope and hold
My soul upon its way,
Through night to day,
Believing still that May
Will come again to me,
As to the flower and tree—
The May of Memory!

THE HEALING OF THE LEAVES

Silently the leaves fall, fluttering down,
Along the vagrant pathways where I stray,
Far from the noisy traffic of the town,
Into the stillness of this sweet October day.

Apart from all the folly and the fret of men,
From the worry and the weariness of things,
I seek the hush of forest and of fen,
While my spirit floats afar on fancy's wings.

There is a holy hush of heart among the hills,
That soothes and comforts with its blessed balm,
Till I forget the world and all its ills,
And know the healing of the Autumn calm.

There is a healing here in Autumn leaves,
A coolness in the grasses and the reeds
That comforts him who humbly believes,
And binds up the broken heart that bleeds.

Here walk I quietly among the falling leaves,
And let the solemn stillness of it steal
Away the sadness of my soul that grieves,
While Nature speaks the troubled heart to heal.

Here put away the folly and the fret of all
That fills my days and nights with fears;
Here faint, sweet voices of the spirit call
To thoughts too tremulous for tears.

Here let the solemn solitudes still bring
Dear Nature's secrets in the Autumn trees,
Foretellings of the coming of another Spring,
Out from the vastness of eternities!

LATE SEPTEMBER

Goldenrod aglow along the country roadside,
Cobwebs floating, fairy-winged and wide,
Over pasture lands and meadows, where
Late September winds have swept them bare;
Elderberries purple and drooping in the breeze,
Blackbirds singing jubilation in the trees;
Daddy crow a-cawing in the cottonwood,
All around proclaiming, "Life is good!"

Far and fair the lovely landscape lies,
Underneath the sweet September skies;
In the wood-lot yonder, down along the creek,
Youth and age go wandering joyously to seek
Hickory nuts and walnuts, vying with the squirrels,
Happy-hearted youngsters, merry boys and girls—
Age with memories touched and tendered by
The softened splendors of the late September sky!

All the treetops in the woods aflaming,
Alike the glory of it all proclaiming,
While the world around is full of sighing,
All the breezes whispering, "Dying! Dying!"
Mingling with the sweet and solemn melancholy,
Ring the voices of the roysterers, jolly,
And my heart with quiet rapture greets them,
While on memory's feet I haste to meet them!

Not for me the sighing and the sadness,
But for me the goodness and the gladness,
The love, the laughter and the singing,
Happiness through all the landscape ringing!
In my heart I know again the meaning
Of the Springtime promise and the greening
Of the forest trees and meadow grasses,
Of the Summer glory as it passes!

Still for me the Autumn glory lingers,
While for me the tug of little fingers
Leads me through the waste of woodland wonder,

Where the children loiter, laughing, under
Shagbark hickory trees, or clamber sprightly
Through their branches, singing lightly—
While for them the world is full of gladness,
Why should I be filled with sadness?

IN THE AUTUMN O' THE YEAR

Something's in the atmosphere
That soothes the soul with cheer,
In the Autumn o' the year!
We're contented to be glad,
While forgetting to be sad,
Just remembering all we've had
Of Mother Earth's caressing,
All the beauty and the blessing,
In our happiness confessing
That the God of Earth is good—
The God of field and wood—
When His ways are understood:
And we put away our fear,
As we feel that He is near,
In the Autumn o' the year!

There's holiness in the haze,
On these sweet October days,
That fills the heart with praise;
There's a halo on the hills
That quickens us and thrills,
And fortifies and fills!
There's something in the air,
All around us everywhere,
That makes the old world fair;
There's a magic hush that holds
All the landscape and enfolds,
With its crimsons and its golds,
And we put away our fear,
While we feel that God is near,
In the Autumn o' the year!

MY PSALM OF PEACE

I read once more the ancient psalms,
And breathe again the Autumn calms
Of meadows, fallow fields and wood,
Believing still that God is good!

The quiet of it stills the pain,
As the slow falling of the rain,
After the hurry and the heat
Of Summer—and the hush is sweet!

I feel the soothing of the breath
Of Winter, calm and cool as death;
With Nature seem to find release,
Freedom from struggle, rest and peace!

Far memories of the past return,
Yet now my heart has ceased to yearn—
Content at last to take and give,
Unquestioning to love and live.

So sing I now my psalm of praise,
Subdued and solemn as the days;
Yet with a note of gladness still,
And follow on to know His will!

Slowly adown the slanting years
The days are dropping, while my fears
Slip from me with the short'ning days,
And for His peace I sing my praise!

I do not ask that I may know
The pathways, but that I may go
The way His love may light and lead,
With grace to meet the daily need.

I do not ask for length of years,
Nor seek a recompense for tears;
Nor do I ask for my release—
Only that I may find His peace!

CHRISTMAS ALL THE TIME

("It is only for thirty-six hours of the three hundred and sixty-five days that all people remember that they are brothers and sisters, and those are the hours that we call Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. And when they always remember, it will be Christmas all the time!")—EDWARD EVERETT HALE, "In His Name and Christmas Stories")

When we always remember it will be
Christmas all the time, you see!
And you will be happy and so will I,
For we shall be brothers, by and by!

When we always remember! I wonder why
We are so careless, you and I?
All might be happy, I'm sure, if we
Always remembered the Christmas tree!

If we always remembered! But you know
We forget each other so soon and go
Our lonely ways, while we seek our own,
As if the Christ we had never known!

So there is strife where peace should reign,
And there is sorrow and sin and pain;
And there is want in the world and woe,
And little children still hungry go!

When we always remember! Shall we not try
A little harder, till by and by
All shall know Him and love Him, too,
And all will be brothers to me and you!

Love is so simple! The secret is plain,
And no one who loves ever loved in vain!
To love and always remember would bring
To earth the Song which the angels sing!

IN THE PLAYTIME OF THE YEAR

You are bothered, little mother,
As you sigh and smother
Half a sob and wonder why the way
Seems so wearisome today?
Come out doors a little while
And cultivate a smile,
As you watch the children play
In the sand-pile, 'cross the way.

You are troubled, too, my brother,
Over one thing and another,
And you sometimes wonder why
Things seems so much awry,
In this busy world of worry
And of hurry and of flurry?
Come and watch the children play
In the sand-pile, 'cross the way.

And so you are wondering, too,
My little sister, what to do,
Because things sometimes seem
Topsy-turvy in your dream!
While the actual and the real
Somehow spoil the fine ideal?
Come outdoors with me and play
In the sand-pile, 'cross the way.

For it's good to pull away
From the bothers of the day,
And to just get out-of-doors,
Far away from oaken floors,
And to smile up to the sky,
And forget to question why,
As we watch the children play
In the sand-pile, 'cross the way.

It is wise to make believe
We are children, and deceive
Ourselves once more,

As in dear days of yore;
It is good to feel the sands
Soothe the tired, troubled hands,
As we help the children play
In the sand-pile, 'cross the way.

It is well to bring along
Just a little snatch o' song;
It is better to be gay
Out-of-doors than to pray,
With a frown upon the face,
While you ask for needed grace—
As you watch the children play
In the sand-pile, 'cross the way.

TO JUST BE KIND

It is such a little thing to just be kind!
But then we are so selfish, sordid, blind!
It is so easy sometimes to forget!
And there are weary eyes with teardrops wet,
And there are hearts grown pitifully weak,
Because the ones who loved them did not speak!

I who have suffered in the silence know
The longings of the hearts that lonely go!
So would I sing my simple song for them
Who have no halo and no diadem—
Who go forth bearing each his cross, as He
Who trod the rugged steeps of Calvary!

I would be as Simon the Cyrenean, who bore
For Christ the cross and went before,
Who by his human strength upheld the Son
Of God, lest He had failed, who trod
The prophet's pathway, up Golgotha's steep,
Where children wonder and where women weep!

I would be as that disciple who stood by,
While Love in pity veiled the noon-day sky,
To whom the Master said, "Behold thy mother!"
"Mother, behold thy son!" Sharing with another
In the household, or in shop or store,
The burden of the Cross of Care He bore.

I WILL BE GLAD

I will be glad while I am here,
For those who live, whom I hold dear,
Because they walk with me to-day,
Along the sometimes lonely way.

Still I will laugh with them and be
Glad in the children's careless glee,
And go my way right cheerily,
Because the little ones love me.

Still will I bear and bravely, too,
And do the tasks I find to do,
And my own burden gladly bear,
And carry still my cross of care.

Still will I count it joy to share
A brother's burden and his care;
For in the sharing, each with each,
We learn the lesson Love would teach.

I will be glad while I am here,
For those whose memories I hold dear,
Because they would not have me sad,
But rather would they have me glad.

And now that they have gone away,
I will be happy, glad as they
Once were happy here and gay,
With all sweet memories of May.

I will be glad for all I love,
Abiding here, in Heaven above,
Or wheresoe'er Love's Heaven is,
Since I believe mine own are His!

With face unto the lifting sky,
I will be glad to live or die,
Assured that they are His and I,
And Love will not His own deny!

SOMEWHERE IT IS SPRING

I walk among the trees once more,
As often I have walked before,
And find, as I have often found,
The Autumn wood is holy ground.
For somehow Nature has a way
Of being strangely, blithely gay,
Of wearing sorrow as a crown,
When leaves are falling softly down;
Of singing still her sweetest songs,
Far from the troubles of the throngs,
Of making merry as the May,
As all her songsters go away!

So comes to me a soothing sense
Of Nature's richest recompense,
That justifies the ways of God,
Along the pathways I have trod,
Till in the soothing of the heart
I find the art above all art,
Above the language of all speech,
That only Nature here can teach,
When we, submissive to His will,
Go roaming over wood and hill,
Forgetful of the cares that press,
Secure in Nature's blessedness!

Serenely here I go my way,
This lovely, late October day,
With all the hilltop trees aflame
Along the pathways that I came—
Transfigured by the Autumn fires,
And tremulous with feathered choirs,
Which know no fear of that to be,
In lands afar, on distant sea,
But take their journey every year,
Untroubled by a haunting fear
Of what the Future yet may bring—
Assured that Somewhere it is Spring!

THE STREETS

We walk the streets, familiar grown,
And yet I walk alone! I walk alone
Amid familiar scenes, myself unknown,
Less useful than the cobblestone,
O'er which the traffic of the street
Comes clattering, where crowds meet
And pass, with hurrying feet—
Too busy and too bothered each to greet!

So, day after day, we meet and pass,
Like men beholding in a glass
Ourselves, who straightway go
Our ways, yet do not know
What manner of men we are—
Like strangers from afar,
Both to ourselves and others,
Who should be friends and brothers!

Year after year the tale is told,
As we go seeking after gold
That perishes with the using,
Buying, selling, gaining, losing,
Feverish, foolish, fretting,
Suffering, sorrowing, forgetting,
Remembering, rejoicing—only
To find that we are old and lonely!

What will it profit us though we
Might gain the world, yet be
Left alone at last! Alone!
Unloved! Unloving and unknown!
To lose one's self—Ah! This
Is to be poor indeed! To miss
The baby's smile and kiss,
Love's sweetest joy and bliss!

The saddest lot of all men here
Is just to miss the one thing dear
To all our hearts, which we

Sometimes neglect so carelessly—
The smile, the tender look,
The hand we might have shook,
The kindly word we might have said,
Before the one we loved was dead.

So many hearts are lonely still,
And waiting for some love to fill
With its sweet fragrance here,
Some voice to speak in clear
Strong accents, vibrant, thrilled
Through and through and filled
With that nameless something, we
Sense, but cannot hear or see!

MY BIRTH SPOT

The wooded hills girt 'round about
The place where I was born,
Where happy boyhood with a shout
Greeted the glimpse of morn.

The old log cabin I can see
Amid the cornfields yet—
Dear every chink to memory!—
How can the heart forget!

The homely furniture and all
Things dear to boyish heart:
The clock and shelf against the wall,
Decked with a mother's art.

The morning glory vine that ran
Around the door and window frame,
Dear to the heart of child and man,
Still dear to memory the same!

Not much of nature's touch it takes
To make our birthplace dear:
'Tis memory of Love that makes
Things best and brightest here!

COMFORTED

Perhaps 'twas just the taking of the hand,
But somehow we were made to understand;
Or only a simple, single word was said,
Yet thereby both our hearts were comforted!

Or but the trembling of the speechless lips,
The tender twitching of the finger-tips—
The almost voiceless naming of our dead,
But somehow we were strangely comforted!

Perhaps 'twas just the folding of the arms
Around about us, when the world's alarms
Smote upon us, till we were weak with fear,
And suddenly the world was full of cheer!

Perhaps 'twas but a baby's tender kiss—
The memory of a momentary, lost bliss—
The soothing touch of love upon our head,
Yet aching heads and hearts were quieted!

Perchance 'twas only just a friendly nod
Of neighbor passing, yet to us somehow God
Seemed nearer than He ever had before,
And on ahead swung wide the open door!

Perhaps 'twas only just a kindly look
From one we did not know, and yet we took
Our journey with a finer, firmer tread,
Although no word of greeting had been said.

Perhaps 'twas just the reading of a book
That soothed us, like the laughing of a brook
Through meadow-lands, or the deep, quiet wood,
But in the quietness we understood.

Or maybe it was just a snatch of song,
A bit of verse, and yet for us the long
Sad night with a soft melody was filled,
And the wild tumult of the soul was stilled!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

*“Life is over, life was gay,
I have come the primrose way.”*

—STEVENSON.

Brave-hearted, sunny-souled was he,
In fair Samoa of the quiet sea:
By all he suffered still made strong—
He learned the secret-soul of song!

He knew the child-heart and the dreams
Of youth, of golden treasures, streams
Of silver flowing from afar,
Bright with the gleam of sun and star.

He knew the treasure islands of all seas,
And journeyed thither with each breeze,
Across the continents and isles—
The dream that youth and age beguiles!

He knew the hearts of men and women, too,
The strife, the struggle and the pain he knew;
The lonely pathway and the heavy cross,
The disappointments and the loss!

He knew the weakness and the weariness,
The haunting fears that he would not confess;
He saw the sun go down at mid-day, yet
He did not mourn that it so soon should set.

He went away with the droll smile upon
His lips—and we knew not till he was gone,
How tireless was his toil, how open, free
His generous hand, as the surrounding sea.

“The primrose way” for him was one of pain,
Oft’ times indeed of loss instead of gain;
But thus he learned the secret source of joy:
To make the most of things that do not cloy!

The earth, the sky, the sea—all these—
The things that pleasure give and please
The hearts of little children at their play,
And so he kept his spirit blithe and gay!

ONWARD TOWARD THE DAWN

Though in my heart I'm often doubting,
Yet in my spirit I am always shouting—
Dauntless, fearless, free!
Dreading not what time or tide may bring,
Unto you or unto me!
I greet with gladness each new Spring,
And shout once more and laugh and sing,
As when a careless boy
I knew the strange, illusive thing
That we call Joy!

Still I go on and dare the doubt, the dread,
Flouting the faithless, forgetting the dead—
Holding fast hope still—
Scorning all that scoffers may have said,
With an unshaken will!
Shrinking not at silence, trampling on pride,
Fearing not what here may betide
Myself or you, that I
May cheer your spirit, as I walk beside,
Or greet you passing by!

So onward to my soul today I'm saying,
Singing as a strolling minstrel, straying
Whither the spirit leads!—
Out where the little ones are playing,
Where there are human needs!
Where the life of the world is teeming,
Where the spirits of men are dreaming—
Where adventurers have gone!
Out where the world's New Day is gleaming—
Onward toward the Dawn!

THE BUILDING OF THE DOME*

I

Through the long years of fratricidal strife,
The while the Nation struggled for its life,
The one whose name is to all peoples dear,
Whose memory all the nations now revere,
Carried in his heart the agony and pain,
On his broad shoulders bore the wreck and strain
Of toil, the critics' scoffs and sneers,
The fortress of the Nation's faith and fears.
With patient fortitude his great soul stood
For that which in his heart he sought of good
For us and all mankind, the struggling race
Of them who toiled. He bore upon his furrowed
face

The scars of suffering; in his horny hands
He held the fate of freedom for all lands,
Yet knew it not! Mocked, maligned, misunderstood,
He held the Future's hopes of human brotherhood!

II

Through these sad years of bitterness and woes,
Slowly, the vast dome of the Capitol arose,
Symmetrical, stately, sign and symbol of the rise
Of a great Nation, lifting toward the skies,
In its calm majesty, its spacious, silent form,
Alike to summer's sun and winter's storm.
When dangers threatened, still the workmen
wrought

To shape the fair design the builders sought,
The while the Nation's Chief, with watchful eyes,
Beheld and wondered, in his sorrow and surprise,
At what he dared to dream, beyond what others
saw,

With trembling hope, and reverential fear and
awe,

In the far Future for the Nation, sundered then,
But still the hope of suffering, struggling men,
Of all the nations, in their bitter toil and strife,
For Peace and Brotherhood, for Liberty and Life!

III

So through the years the marvelous dome rose up,
While a great Nation drank the cruel, cursed cup
Of civil war, with passions rife, with blood and
tears,
Torn by its terrors, tortured by its fears;
The while the workmen wrought the architect's
design
The Nation's Chief, serene, with countenance be-
nign,
Sought to restore the Union in the bonds of peace,
Till war and fratricidal strife should cease.
Unmoved he stood, a king without a crown,
Till the assassin in his madness struck him down,
And all the ages claimed him as their own,
The plain backwoodsman from the West, un-
known;
And the Republic, that he loved, for which he gave
Full measure of devotion, that he might help to
save,
Enshrined him evermore, in an immortal fame,
And Lincoln lives, in all the earth, a universal
name!

IV

The dome the workmen wrought points to the sun,
The symbol of a Nation's Unity; what he had be-
gun
Completed, while his spirit breathes and broods,
O'er all, in benedictions and beatitudes.
His spirit still is living in the hearts of such
As feel the impulse of his soul's warm touch;
And still the great dome lifts its matchless form,
Up to the deep blue sky, or 'mid the gathering
storm,
A beacon to the nations that would seek and find
The secret that would heal and bless and bind
The nations, shattered, broken and without relief,
Helpless and hopeless in their poverty and grief.

Still his strong spirit calls to us to rise and lead
A world dismayed, distraught, in its great need—
To stand, as once he stood, supreme, misunderstood,
For universal Peace, Goodwill and human Brotherhood!

“When the civil war came, the dome of the Capitol in Washington was just springing into shape. To President Lincoln it seemed the sign and symbol of the Union of the States, and he commanded that work on it should not stop, but be carried on continuously throughout the struggle for the Nation's very life.”—
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, June, 1923.

THE GRAVE-SOD

It was the thought that sprung
Deep from my heart the while
I walked with friends among
The graves, whereon the smile
Of God had freshly set
His flowers, with dew drops wet;
And so I said: “ ’Tis thus
He marks our graves below,
For so hath Christ with us,
By contact with our woe,
The grave-sod sanctified,
Wherever sufferer died!

“ ’Tis thus He sets His seal
Of high approval still,
Since Christ was made to feel
The weight of crushing ill,
And threw Himself between
The Soul and its Unseen!
And died, as men call dead,
But dying, liveth yet,
And giveth life instead!
Curse not! Can God forget
Where His beloved sleep?
Faint not! Will He not keep?”

A COMMON TRIBUTE

"Next to Lincoln, Harding was the most human man who ever occupied the executive chair."—MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

"President Harding was one who attracted to himself the intimate affection of the people."—N. Y. HERALD.

"He left with the American people he loved a rare example of gentleness in high office."—SECRETARY HUGHES.

We hardly thought of him as great,
A leader in affairs of State;
He seemed a common sort of man,
Shaped on an ordinary plan,
Just a plain man of the street,
One his neighbors liked to greet,
In a familiar kind of way,
A man of just our common clay,
Who loitered quietly, here and there,
Or lounged upon an office chair,
And talked and laughed a bit
At any neighbor's happy hit;
Who smiled at children as they passed,
And who loved them to the last.

So when by a sort of happy chance,
He got in the way of the advance,
And we made him President,
Scarcely knowing with intent
Just why we did, he took his place
With a simple, easy grace,
Yet with a dignity, withal,
Toppling down the official wall,
So that any one might see,
Common folks like you and me,
And went about his daily job,
Not as a sycophant or snob,
But as a statesman, with a mind
Of his own, yet patient, kind.

We criticised him harshly—yes!
It is a way we have, I guess
Sometimes with them we love the most,

We make our cruelty our boast!
Some good men scoff and sneer,
Others gab and grouch and jeer;
But he endured it all, nor spoke
Unkindly, while he bore the yoke
Of office with a gracious mein,
And never said a harsh or mean
Word in reply; yet dared to stand,
To hold a firm and steady hand
Upon the trembling helm of State,
And let the politicians prate.

Yet we did not think of him as great,
He was the servant of the State,
And we the sovereign people—we
In the Republic of the free!
So calmly he endured and sought
To shape the Nation's thought,
To know the people's mind,
Whose hearts he knew were kind.
He went among us, wearied, worn,
And with the burden overborne;
He crossed the continent that he
Might know for himself and see
The people's view of things,
From whom all virtue springs.

And then he died! And we at last
Knew that a great soul had passed!
We saw him as he calmly slept,
And a great Nation bowed and wept.
We did not know that he was great,
Until we saw him lie in state!
And then we knew Our President
Was such a man of fine intent,
A calm, strong spirit, self-contained,
With a mind controlled, constrained,
And with a simple faith that held
Him firm and steadfast and compelled
The confidence of the multitude,
In his unshaken rectitude.

OCTOBER

Soft, sifting sunshine, filtering through
The falling leaves, from the far blue,
With mellow haze o'er meadows drifting,
While morning mists are slowly lifting,
The lovely landscape half concealing,
The hilltops here and there revealing,
With Autumn ambers softly blended,
Where shines the golden vision splendid!

The atmosphere is soft, caressing,
Soothing with the breath of blessing;
The stillness is so sad and sweet,
I loiter long with lagging feet,
Content to breathe the blessed air,
To look upon the vision fair,
While I forget the pains that press,
Rejoicing in such blessedness!

FOR THE NEW YEAR

I do not ask that riches shall be mine,
Nor fame and its applause, but the new wine
Of Love, warm from the heart of such
As loving me, have forgiven much!

For I have found that Love is better than
All else that can be given by my brother man;
And I would rather have your Love than hold
All the treasures that are bought for gold.

I want that you shall love the things I love,
And share with me the things I prize above
All earthly treasures and all art—
The unspoiled pleasures of a happy heart!

I want to leave with you the song of cheer,
To go with you throughout the coming year;

For it will gladden all the way to know
My song goes with you everywhere you go!

We say that God is Love and then forget
To love Him and our brothers—strangely, yet
This is my simple creed that all are His
And ours that love, wherever lover is!

It can not be that love will lose His own!
Who loves will not be lost nor left alone!
No creed that men may frame can shut me out
From them I love! Therefore, I will not doubt

That God is Love and Love is God!
And that all the ways that Love has trod
Lead unto Him! Serenely thus I go,
For Love has told me it is ever so!

SEPTEMBER

The drowsy air is tremulous where
The shadows make a golden stair
Of wild grape-vines and ivy green,
With sunshine playing in between.

The fields are flooded with the mist
Of purple, gold and amethyst;
While over all His love enfolds
The bounty which the season holds.

September ever as of old
Is sweet with mysteries untold—
The marvels of the trailing light
Of sun and star, of day and night.

The splendors fall upon the hills
And ever hazy hollow thrills,
Where nature, like a mother, broods
In shady nooks and solitudes—

In soothing tenderness, like a dream
Of things that are, yet only seem—
Of things too fair and fleeting here
Yet dear as all such dreams are dear!

STILL DREAMING

Friends who have walked with me along life's
way,

I bow my head and hush my heart and pray,
Both for myself and you, where'er you be,
That Love's best gift may come to you and me!

In humbleness of soul, I, in contrition own,
I have no wisdom and dare not go alone
Into His presence, where the great and good
Of all the ages evermore have stood.

No excellencies of virtue can I claim,
No great deed wrought and no applause of fame:
In nakedness and helplessness I come,
Ashamed, songless and speechless, stricken dumb.

This only for myself I dare to plead:
My weakness and my ever-present need;
And this: That I the truth have still desired,
That I have loved and in my soul aspired.

I dare to plead the thing I might have been,
The struggles of the soul I sought to win;
The dreams I dreamed of that which is to be,
When I shall realize the best in me.

Now bolder grown, I dare to seek and ask
Eternity to find my fitting task,
Unfettered by the things of self and sin,
To realize the nobler soul within.

For this I feel that there is yet to be
A higher destiny to come sometime to me:
Who gave to me a high, aspiring soul,
Will not deny to me to see the whole.

So in humility I bow, and yet in hope,
While through the gathering gloom I grope
My way, aspiring, dreaming in my dread,
Of suns and stars and systems overhead!

Still will I hold a steadfast heart today,
As I go on Love's hidden, holy way,
In the lone pathways they have ever trod,
Who have believed in self and soul and God!

I still believe—help Thou mine unbelief!
Out of the passion cries of doubt and grief,
I cry to Thee, unseen, unknown to me—
Thou who inhabitest eternity!

Myself a part of Thine own Self I am!
Speak Thou to me and bring again the calm
To my poor troubled, broken, shriven soul,
While over me the awful billows roll!

THE OLD WILLOW TREE

O fair to my gaze, when the day's work is done,
Is the willow that stands in the wake of the sun!
An oddly fantastic, and queer shapen thing,
But there in the path of the sunlight a king:
With its crown of glorious sunshine, the gold
Of the day's fair departing, and fair to behold,
With all the bright treasures of land and of sea,
Reflecting their wealth in this old willow tree!

O what are the riches of mines and of farms to
these—
The things that persuade and the things that please,
The things which add to the world's best joy,
Which live in and love in the heart of a boy!
The things which we loved when the heart was
young,
And the treetops lilted with laughing tongue!
And songs were merry and hearts were free
As the birds which sung in the old willow tree!

STILL THE MORNING GLORIES LINGER

Still the Morning Glories linger,
On the trellis, where Love's finger
Trained their tender vines to run,
With bright faces to the sun,
Transfigured in their glory,
Telling o'er and o'er the story
Of the Love that never dies,
Shining still in your dear eyes!

O these dear old-fashioned flowers!
How they bring to me the hours,
When Love's old sweet dream was new,
In the happy days, when you
Were fresh and fair as they,
With the little ones at play,
Making merry in the sun,
Where the Morning Glories run!

Still the Morning Glory lingers,
Though we miss the little fingers,
That once were ours to hold,
And to tenderly enfold!
How we miss their shining eyes,
Blue as the summer skies,
As the Morning Glories, blue,
Dear to me as unto you!

Still the Morning Glories linger,
And Love leads with gentle finger,
While our hearts are keeping yet
Memories we cannot forget;
Though the Morning Glories fade,
We shall still be unafraid;
For Love's Morning Glory twines
'Round the spot which Love enshrines!

THE ASSERTION OF FAITH

I do not know where Heaven is,
But this I do believe,
That all the universe is His,
And somewhere we receive
The answer to the children's cry,
From every land and sea,
Under the universal sky—
And Love will answer me!

Since all the universe belongs
To Him, I dare to trust,
Somewhere the righting of the wrongs,
And that somewhere there must
Be one who rules and overrules:
We must believe God is
Wiser than all the schools,
And that all mysteries are His!

And therefore somewhere He
Will make the meaning clear,
Of all things here which we
Hold holy and most dear!
The heart of God must be
The heart of Love: so what
My heart tells unto me
Must be true—or Love is not!

So I will believe, since doubt
Answers no questions, solves
No problems, leaves us without
Reason and hope; involves
The mind in maze and gloom,
Snuffs out our candlelight,
Shuts us in our narrow room,
And leaves us there in night!

WHILE I WAIT

Sometimes the only thing that we can do
Is just to wait and to be true
To Truth, as we have found it best
Meets our soul's need; and thus to rest
Upon the promises of God,
Aflame in star and sod,
Writ on the inner scroll
Of our own soul;
Upon the pages of the book
Of Love, by such as forsook
All, that they might follow where
Love led; who dared despair,
Yet held their faith and hope,
And climbed the upward slope,
Where shadows lift and light
Shines on the holy height!

So wait I patiently and unafraid,
Beside the pathways they have made,
Who loved the Truth and found
Each for himself the holy ground;
Who found each bush aflame
In desert byways where they came;
Who heard the voice of God to them,
Who touched the holy garment's hem
Of Him, who went about among
The multitudes; who have sung
Love's songs along the ways,
The pilgrims' psalms of praise,
That soothe and comfort still;
Who sought to do the will
Of God and who, though dead,
Abide forever, as He said!

So, while I wait, I lift my song of praise
For all the blessings of the days,
For all His hand has given,
For all that I have sought and striven
To gain, and yet have failed

To find; for all that has assailed
My soul, yet set me free
For larger life and liberty—
Freedom in the truth—
My own soul to say me sooth,
To speak its yea and nay,
And with none other here to say
What I shall be or do,
Only that I may be true,
That I thereby may find
The secret of the quiet mind.

RECOMPENSE

The sun shines with a softened glow,
And something in the winds that blow
Across the cornfields and the wood
Makes life seem doubly glad and good.

And thrills with such delight as gives
A keener sense to him who lives
In the great world about, above,
Who has the hardihood to love.

To him whose soul is all alive to see
The glory set on bush and tree;
Whose eyes the finer sense have found
Of seeing visions from the ground.

Whose ears are open to the rime,
Old as the seasons, new as time;
Who hears beyond the sense of sound
The music of the world around.

To him this secret sense appears
Fair with the beauty of the years;
And something scarce of sound or sense
Brings to my heart this recompense.

WHEN WE PUT THE CHRISTMAS TREE AWAY

When we put the Christmas tree away,
After the gladness of the day,
Along with all the tops and toys
Of all the tired girls and boys—
I wonder, do we put away
The spirit of the Christmas day?

Or are we just a little kinder,
For this Christmas time reminder?
And do our hearts still hold the glow
Of the sweet spell of long ago?
And does the angels' song still ring
In the glad songs the children sing?

And are we just a little gladder
For the little while we had Her—
The little one who went away,
Whom we miss so on Christmas day?
Is life and love a little sweeter
As the days are passing fleeter?

Or is love as the Christmas tree,
Only to look at and to see,
In the Christmas time of the year,
When all the world is full of cheer,
To be carelessly thrown aside,
When the old year with Christmas died?

I wonder why we can not keep
The Christmas spirit, while we weep
For the loved ones, who went away,
Remembering them on Christmas day,
Keeping the heart that tenders tears,
And sweetens sorrows through the years.

Though Christmas trees must fade and pass,
As fades the glory of the grass,
Yet is our love not more than these?
Is love but given us here to please

The heart of childhood for awhile,
To perish with the baby's smile?

What is the meaning of it all—
Only the darkness and the pall,
With the empty cradle and the chair
To mock our hearts in their despair?
Did the Christ of the Christmas come
To leave us desolate and dumb?

Out of the shadows still I sing
The glory of the Christmas King,
Believing yet, beyond all grief,
(Lord, help Thou now mine unbelief!)
That all we dream of Love is true,
My little Sweetheart there for you!

SPRING

New-born and fair as when
Was given unto men
The light of other spheres—
The birthday of the years!
Fresh every morn and sweet
As the flowers at our feet,
And wonderful, as when
The first lover's pen
Was dipped in dew,
When poesy was new,
And Love was young,
And songs were yet unsung!

Ah! That I might sing
The marvel of the Spring!
The immortality of youth
Is his, in very truth,
Who shall the secret show
In drifts of Winter's snow!

THE FUTURE

The way is dark—I do not know
The things I choose, nor whither go;
But far and fair the Future holds
The mystery which His love enfolds.

I look before, yet can not see
The shining of the years to be:
Yet lift my face unto the sun,
Rejoicing still the race to run!

I bare my head unto the rain,
I bear my heart unto the pain;
And say unto my soul, "Endure!
Seek thou the vision of the pure!"

What matter in the coming years
The toil, the triumph and the tears?
What may succeed, or what may fail,
To him who finds the Holy Grail?

I ask not that He here reveal
The mystery; rather that the real
May come to me as a surprise,
And I behold it with glad eyes!

I go my way, content to see
What Love may show at last to me!
Thus would I choose—to serve is best:
Who labors enters into rest.

I am not strong—He can uphold!
I am not brave—He can make bold!
I am not wise—but He can lead!
I am not rich—He knows my need!

I take my task, glad to believe
Who gave it will at last receive,
Though incomplete, and say "Well done!"
Because it was in love begun.

IN THE MIDST OF YEARS

What matter though the summer dies?
Fair are the late October skies,
And ripened fields outspread
Smile to them overhead.

What matter though the years of youth
Fly fast and far? Beauty and truth
Are everywhere, and still
The light shines on the hill.

What matter though my plans may fail,
Like ships of youth, which cast their sail
And foundered in the sea
Of dreams and memory?

What matter though the future hold
No treasures of the miner's gold?
Like those who wash the sands,
I labor with my hands,

And have no fears of years to come,
Or what they bring. I know that some
Will bear of good to me,
In ways I cannot see.

What matter in the midst of years
If sorrow come and tears?
Hope bears me onward still,
Above this breath of ill.

God is! Unto my soul is said
The Word that quickens from the dead!
And I believe and hold
His promises manifold.

Love is! Earth cannot wholly rob
The heart of its triumphant throb!
Now faith and hope abide
For all who loved and died!

I dare to sing my song nor fear
Nor falter with the dying year:
Love evermore still stands
Between our two home lands!

FROM MY HEART

From my heart this Christmas day,
I wish that you may find the way
That Love has chosen here,
That you may find it clear,
That as you journey still
You may find each distant hill
Gives you a broader view—
A world for you made new,
A prospect that allures,
An outlook that assures;
New dreams and new desires,
With hope that still inspires,
With faith that leads ahead,
Where all the sacred dead
Have led the way, still lead;
With love that dares the deed,
That sees and dares to plead
The brotherhood of need.

From my heart I wish that you
May find the strength to do
The daily task, as in His sight,
Yet not in your own might,
But by His spirit, that you may
Find gladness for the day;
That wisdom may be given, as
In ages past it always has
Been given unto them who sought
To do the things they ought;
Above all else to serve and seek,
His truth to find and speak,
To know and do His will,
That so they might fulfill
Their mission here on earth:
To hasten on the birth
Of that great age to be
When all men shall be free!

From my heart, sore burdened here,
Perplexed by pain and fear,
Troubled on every hand, but not
Forsaken, not forgot—
I ask that you may find
Friends that are faithful, kind;
Brothers all along the road
To help you bear the load;
That I a friend may be,
A brother you to me;
That we together may
Be glad this Christmas day;
That we may love and share
Each one his brother's care;
That we may pray the prayer
The Master taught and bear
With Him the cross and bring
The joy the angels sing!

TWILIGHT SINGING INTO NIGHT

To sing is best! To sing is rest—
To break away from the tired day,
When work is done! At set of sun
The brown-thrush sings the song that springs
Last from his heart, with the perfect art
Dear Nature teaches, when apples and peaches
Are blossoming fair and the haunted air
Is full of voices, and earth rejoices,
While everywhere the burden of care
Is laid away, at the close of day.

It is better to sing, it is better to bring
Praise than prayer, choral than care!
Sing robin and thrush! So comes the hush
Of twilight singing into silent night!

THE WONDROUS, OLDEN STORY

Hear, O Earth! Again the olden story,
At the coming of the Christmastide;
Hear and understand great mysteries;
 Read anew the prophecy
 Of Him who died
 And reigns in glory!
Read once more the lowly birth
Whose glory fills the earth!
Whose is the only song and story
Which all the nations sing.
Who is the everlasting King,
 And King of Glory!

Mysteries are but parables of love,
Miracles but chapters of the story,
Prophecies but open visions—
 Glimpses given us
 Of the majestic glory,
 Bright from above!
Yet only in part revealing,
And in part concealing,
What all the ages prove:
The mystery of all mysteries,
The marvel of all histories—
 God in Christ is Love!

All things here are for our learning,
That we may understand the story:
Mysteries, miracles, prophecies—
 Voices speaking us,
 From the mount of glory,
 And the mount of burning!
All wondrous histories of men,
Before His day, since then,
But prepare His ways:
All nobleness of song
Unto Him belong—
 All psalms of praise!

Wouldst thou understand this story?
Then thou must look within:
Read again the solemn histories
Of men—strangers and pilgrims
Seeking heaven's glory!
Read the histories again
Of those strong types of men,
Of whom the world was not worthy,
Nor all earth's glory;
Who sought to look within,
Seeing in records of sin,
Glimpse of a nobler story.

Sayest these are earth-born things?
The Christ's conflict for good?
Man's seeking after God?
Graspings after the eternities?
Bitter strivings unto blood
By uncrowned kings?
Aye! Read the prophecy again,
And tell it unto men,
While men and angels sing,
The wondrous, olden story:
Son of Man and King!

ANOTHER SPRING

To this sweet hope in life I cling:
That the belated years may bring,
Somehow, somewhere, another Spring
Unto my Love, and let me sing
In one, my Memory and May—
All in one long, sweet lay,
All in one long, long day!—
Then let me slip away,
As a fond lover in the night,
With Love upon my lips and light
Within my eyes, and sight
Henceforth more beautiful and bright!

FRIENDSHIP

To have the grace to give
Ourselves to others is to live.
To love and loving, lend
One's self to others is to be a friend.
In this world, just to be kind
Is to come at last and find
Our kindred of the kindly mind.
And thus to live and be
A friend, to live unselfishly,
Is to come at last to see
Of the travail of the soul and be
Satisfied! Thus the Christ died!

True friendship is the art
Of finding Love in another heart!
Fine friendship is the choice
Of the tender touch and the gentle voice.
Rare friendship is the grace
Of the open heart and the kindly face.
Real friendship is the sweet
Perfume of flowers in the crowded street.
Lasting friendship is the fair
Sweet-faced sister of the daughter, Care.
To serve life's noblest end
Is to be a servant, called a friend!

Friendship, rare and true,
Is like June roses, with the dew
Upon them, fresh and sweet,
Falling just when most complete!
Ah me! That it should be so,
Amid the waste of this world's woe!
The roses perish with the June,
As childhood's friendships pass with noon.
But still I cheer my heart today,
And laugh and smile to you and say:
"Bloom on, sweet roses! All too soon
Will fade the glory of the June!

Still our friendship need not pass
With wild rose bloom in the grass!
Give me, dear, your hand and heart—
Friendship is the lover's art!"

THE MASTER'S VOICE AND VISION

Troubled, cast-down, but not forsaken,
Still my spirit sings,
In the bitter strife for freedom,
In the hope of better things.
All the powers of soul awaken
With the coming of the springs—
Souls forever struggling upward,
Yet strangely lacking wings!
Shadows flit before the window
Of the earth-imprisoned soul—
Birds of springtime, flying hither,
Seeking still the northern pole:
Like to these my spirit crying,
In the silence of the night,
Seeking somewhere for the mountain-top
Of vision and delight!

"Are you coming?" Cry the spirits
Of the freemen gone ahead—
Spirits of the just made perfect,
Whom the world now reckons dead.
"Are you coming? Mark the footprints
Of the martyrs who have bled,
In the cause of truth and freedom,
By the Lord's anointed led!"
I have seen the holy vision,
In the twilight of the years,
That have spoiled me of my youth,
And left me with my fears.
"I am coming!" Still my spirit
Answers, while my lips are dumb,
And the Master's voice and vision
Still are crying to me, "Come!"

A SONG OF THE FUTURE

The daring are as the divine!
I dare the future—claim it mine,
And take the cup of the world's new wine,
Crushed from the Twentieth Century vine!

The old is best! Men ever cry—
I lift my face to the same old sky
And dare the future, or dare to die,
To venture forth nor question why!

I dare to sing what I can not see
Of the braver brotherhood to be,
Under the banner of the free,
Whose better name is equality!

I dare to hope against the wrong
Of ages, which have waited long
For the courage of the song,
And for the conquest of the strong!

I hold the still small voice is yet
The voice that men can not forget!
Amid the feverish dread and fret
Throb great hearts still on conquest set!

I hold that faith is ever bold,
And that the future still must hold
The greater treasures of the gold
Of commerce—and of grace untold!

My song is of the passions, pent
Up in the hearts of heroes sent
Forth by the Holy Spirit, bent
On that far off, divine intent

Toward which the centuries sweep—
For which the prophets, yearning deep
Have sought, with all who keep
Their soul serene, while others weep!

UTOPIA IN OUR HEARTS*

O for the dreams of unsophisticated youth,
With its simple love of laughter and of truth,
Its confidence in things unheard, unseen,
Its scorn of what is low and sordid, mean,
Its vision of the world that ought to be
For childhood, youth, unfettered, full and free!

Ah yes! We have grown rich and worldly wise,
And the god of this world has blinded our eyes!
And even youth itself has been defiled,
And we have spoiled the romance for the child!
We have worshipped at the shrine of common sense,
And robbed the soul of its divine defense.

The children of this world are wiser, yet
The world is full of folly and of fret:
We are like petulant, spoiled children, filled
And surfeited, but unsatisfied, self-willed;
We rail at dignities and scoff at laws,
While in our hearts we hold no holy cause!

O for Utopias in our hearts and brains!
Some vision fair to still the passions, pains
Of this old world, and bring to us again
The dreams of childhood and of youth to men—
The vision clear of golden age to be
Of truth and beauty and of liberty!

**At the commemoration of the centennial of the death of Shelley, held in London, July 8, 1922, in the little Wren church, where Shelley was married to Mary Godwin, some one said: "Shelley had no common sense, but he had Utopia in his heart and brain! We have enough common sense, we have enough wisdom, but have we Utopias in our hearts and brains? That is what we want. Shelley, who lacked other things, can give us that—he can give us vision, without which people perish."*

COURAGE—COMRADE!

Is the struggle hard? Does it sometimes seem
You have lost the music out of your dream?
Does the end of the rainbow seem farther away
Than it did when you followed afar in the May?

Is the song of the robin and redbird today
Not quite so cheery, courageous and gay?
Are the roses not quite so rosy at noon,
As once with the dew-drops upon them in June?

Are the hopes that you thought would forever en-
dure,
Like the friends of your youth, growing fewer and
fewer?
Do the things that you sought and perhaps have
won,
Seem of little worth now, since the task is done?

Do you find yourself weary and wondering why
The glory has gone out of the summer sky?
Does the fame that you followed and all the renown
Seem as empty as space, where the rainbow came
down?

Do all of the toils of the years seem in vain,
And nothing of all that you sought to gain
Is now worth the price—the passion, the pain,
The stern self-denial, the struggle, the strain?

Do you feel you have lost in the lap of the years,
Without recompense for the toils and the tears?
And will you be glad when the race is run
And you rest by the road at the set of the sun?

I who have suffered and sorrowed and struggled
know
The hard road, the high road the soul must go!
I know the steeps the soul must still climb,
To reach the hopes on the highlands of time!

Yet knowing the burdens, I bid you to bear,
And forth on the journey with you I would fare!
Courage, my comrade! And cheer for the way,
We will follow the rainbow and find it today!

THE WINDS OF WINTER

The wild winds of Winter wail
Through the woodland and assail
The legions of the leaves,
While stricken Autumn grieves
For her children fair,
Naked in their despair,
Robbed of their royal crown,
Despoiled of their renown.

So sweep the winds of doubt
Down on my soul and rout
My hopes, as Autumn leaves,
Whereat my spirit grieves,
Till, desolate in despair,
I wander, wondering where
All my dreams have fled—
The ones who loved me dead!

Scattered as leaves my dreams,
While all about me seems
Sad and forsaken! Still,
Afar upon the hill,
I see the sunshine fall,
And, listening, hear the call
Of Springtimes yet to be,
Of Immortality!

Then let the wild winds blow,
I will arise and go
The way, to me unknown!
From Heaven's hilltops blown,
I catch the sound of feet
That bid me run to meet,
I hear the marvelous Voice
That bids me still Rejoice!

SINCE GRANDMOTHER WENT AWAY

Today I fell a-dreaming,
Or a-seeming—
And I dreamed,
So it seemed,
That I heard the hum
Of Grandmother's wheel
Saying mournfully, "Come,"
To the old broken reel,
Hanging on the cellar wall!
And I listened to the call,
And I heard the reel reply:

"You and I
Are forever laid by!
We are here to stay,
Hidden carelessly away
From the light of day!
The children laugh and play,
Out of doors, in the sun,
Dance and run,
Shout and sing,
In the spring,
As their father's sung,
When they were young;
But we are here to stay,
Since Grandmother went away!"

And I heard them grieve,
Both together
At the weather
And the cruel ways of men!
And I saw a spider weave
Fast his thread,
Running hither
And then thither,
From the wheel
To the reel,
And I said:

"It is thus I bind,
In memory entwined,
Broken wheel
And broken reel—
In my heart enshrined!
Let your complainings cease,
And be at peace!
It is well to have done
The task of one—
It is best!
Grandmother is at rest!
In my heart I hold
Treasures more than gold—
I have put you there to stay,
Since Grandmother went away!"

TOMORROW WILL BE MAY

The dandelion's double heart of gold
Alike to storm and sun unfold;
The daisies, hiding in the grass,
Smile to the sky when shadows pass.

The robin swinging in the tree
Sings over his sweetest song to me,
As if no rough wind roamed about,
And all was sun and song without.

The brown-thrush, in his merry way,
Whistles his noisy note and lay
Of a thousand summers of sunny days,
Of other Aprils and other Mays.

And so the world is glad and gay—
Tomorrow morning will be May!—
The month of all the year the one,
Beloved of earth, bride of the sun.

A VISION OF THE CHRIST

O for a vision of the Christ!
A vision such as that enticed
John the beloved on the Isle
Of Patmos; such as could beguile
A man like Peter from his net—
A vision he could not forget,
That held him fast unto the end,
And bound him unto Christ, his friend,
Made him spokesman on the Pentecost,
One who did not count the cost!

A vision such as that Paul saw
On the Damascus road; who, filled with awe,
Cried out: "Who art Thou Lord!" Again:
"What wilt Thou have me do?" And when
The Man of Macedonia, in his need,
Called in the nighttime, giving heed,
He set him forth on a world quest
To conquer the great empire of the west—
Philippi, Athens, Rome, and on to Spain,
Through shipwreck, perils oft' and pain,
Whose symbol and whose glory was the Cross,
Who counted all things else as loss
That he might win the Christ,
By the vision of His love enticed!

A vision such as led and lured
Livingstone, who embraced, endured
The hardships and the loneliness,
The perils and the pains, to bless
The black men of the forest, share
With them their humble fare,
That he might show to them the Christ,
That had his soul enticed!

A vision such as Shelton saw,
That filled his soul with awe,
That lured him to lands afar,
As once by Bethlehem's star

The wise men from the East, who brought
Their treasure and who sought
To find the Christ—the Child—
Who looked at them and smiled—
Who has the human heart beguiled!

THE FALLING CROSS

The falling cross! O Christ of God,
Who knowest the way Thy feet once trod,
Thou who didst bear Thy cross alone,
Until too heavy it had grown
For Thy humanity, and it was laid
On Simon the Cyrenean: Thus was made
Thy kinship with us more complete,
Who oft', with weary hands and feet,
Must go our ways, not knowing where
Nor how our feet must fare.

Yet would I bear my cross and come
After Thee! Yet in the dumb
Dread silence, or in the crowded way,
If I should faint and fall, I pray
Some friend or stranger share
With me his greater strength, and bear
The cross for me a little way;
That pitying Love may say:
"The cross was heavy! I forgive,
Still come Thou after me and I live!"

Dear Christ! I come! My cross I bear—
I will go with Thee anywhere!
Yet give me one, I pray to be
Close by my side and Thee—
One stronger than I am,
One more serene and calm,
Or one, a plain and simple countryman,
As Simon was—one who can
Bear for me my falling cross,
And count it all of Love, not loss!

AS IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

Over and over I wonder do they,
The ones who loved us and went away,
Remember the gladness of the May,
Along the paths where children stray?

And do they feel, when robins sing,
The magic music of the Spring?—
That subtle something here that thrills
The silences and soothes our ills!

Do they still know the simple joys
Of happy, human girls and boys?
Or is heaven from us so far away
They do not care where children play?

And I am wondering do they know
The paths where little children go?
Do they forget the taste of tears
Amid the charms of changeless years?

And I am wondering do they need
The touch of tender hearts that bleed?
Do they crave the tug of finger tips,
And the lingering love of baby lips?

Somehow I wish that they might see
The glory-glow on bush and tree!
That they might come and go with me,
That they with me might happy be!

For heaven seems not so far away
From earth and me, when in the May
The trees in the old orchard blow
As in the days of long ago!

JESSE HIATT*

Humble men there are whose name
No great heroic deeds acclaim;
Who never framed a nations' laws,
Nor led the ranks of a noble cause:

Heroes of peaceful days are these—
Lovers of flowers and fruits and trees,
Of nature in her quiet moods,
Companions of her solitudes.

Humble men, yet none the less
Their lowly deeds remain to bless,
And multitudes rise up to pay
Tributes of love to such as they,
Who toiled in quiet pathways here:
And we would hold his memory dear,
Whose watchful eye and horny hand
Brought happiness to every land.

Now age and youth united sing
His praises and their tribute bring:
Wherever little children laugh,
And youth and age together quaff
The nectar of dear Nature's best
And sweetest, with delighted zest—
The name of Hiatt e'er shall be
Immortal as his apple tree!

'Tis not the great deeds that men do,
But that they have been ever true
To the humble tasks they sought,
And that in love they served and wrought;
For in such holy tasks as these
Are wrought out human destinies,
By these, the servants of the sod,
Who, loving Nature, work with God!

**This tribute to the memory of Jesse Hiatt was written at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery and development of the "Delicious Apple," by Jesse Hiatt, on his farm near Peru, Iowa. It is worth preserving, perhaps, if it shall serve to keep fragrant the name and memory of an humble man, whose name deserves to be enshrined in every human heart and home, for the services rendered in developing and naming that most delicious of all apples—"The Delicious!"*

ONLY A MONTH FROM MARCH TO MAY

Friend of mine, grown weary of the winter's gloom
and gray,
When you're inclined to grumble at the weather and
the way
Things are going, better smile instead and say—
It's only a month from March to May—
Then laugh and be gay—
For it's only a month from March to May.

When the robin sulks in silence and the cynical old
jay
Flouts the March wind, in his cross and crabbed
way,
Better face the music with a cheery heart and say—
It's only a month from March to May—
Then laugh and be gay—
For it's only a month from March to May.

And when the Northwind blusters and the South-
wind goes away,
After making us believe that Spring had come to
stay,
Better stiffen up against it, and instead of sighing,
say—
It's only a month from March to May—
Then laugh and be gay—
For it's only a month from March to May.

When the shadow falls across the threshold some
sad day,
And the dear one of the household in silence slips
away,
Better trust in God, rejoicing, while you pray—
It's only a month from March to May—
Then laugh and be gay—
For it's only a month from March to May.

For what's the use of our repining anyway?
Better laugh and lighten other hearts today;
It will make our burdens easier to carry if we say—
It's only a month from March to May—
Then laugh and be gay—
For it's only a month from March to May.

THE CRUCIFIED

Sore disappointment waits
Upon each soul and weighs
Upon each spirit: without the gates
The Christ was crucified! His days
On earth were few and sad and lonely!
O Master! How like unto Thee
Are we, who yearn for sympathy
Which Thou canst only
Give! Dear Savior, hear our cry,
Who knowest what it is to die,
To feel the burden of the cross
Crush out the spirit's breath;
Who drank of disappointment's dross,
And tasted of this death!

O Thou once crucified!
The world's Redeemer now!
The disappointed and denied,
Before Thy cross I bow!
I plead for hearts left lonely,
For spirit's sad and sore—
Behold me at the door!
I ask of Thee and only
The strength to do Thy will,
To bear the burden and be still!
To trust Thy grace and live,
And with Love's latest breath,
As Thou didst, to forgive,
And triumph in Thy death!

AS FRIEND TO FRIEND

This is the thing I ask of you :
That I may be one of the chosen few
Whom, it seems, you always knew,
One that was always kind and true ;
And that you will understand
Beyond all that the human hand
Can do, or human heart command ;
For better than all our human speech
Is the love that little children teach.
So may we be, each one to each,
As guileless of heart and mind,
As simple, as sincere, as kind,
So that in all things we may find
The unspoiled joys they know,
Who love each other thus and go
Forth cheerily and unafraid,
To face the future, undismayed,
In the sweet paths that love has made,
Receiving all that love may give,
And giving all that love may live !

This is the thing I crave from you :
Not some thing that you may do
For me, or that I may do for you ;
But that you will be true
To your best self, so true to me,
That thus you may anew to me
Show me what I ought to be ;
That I may come at last to see
The best that love can give ;
That I may have hope to live,
And cheerful courage to believe,
With grace sufficient to receive ;
That I may give love in return
For all the things for which I yearn ;
That I may find in friendships' urn,
Not dust and ashes, but sweet memory,
That will bind my soul to thee

In that fair immortality
Of love, of friend to friend,
And that is steadfast to the end.

THE JUNE OF OUR JOY

O fair are the fancies and faces,
With the pictures of pleasant places,
Recalled in the June of our Joy!
The things of the heart that do not cloy—
Memory lingers in such employ—
O June! Sweet June of our Joy!

Glad were the hours, bright were the tresses
Of love's careless ringlets, with gentle caresses:
Boyhood was brave and girlhood was fleet,
While the long hours lingered with loitering feet!
Ah! It is good to have once been a boy—
In June—the June of our Joy!

It is good to have once known the grace
That lies half-concealed in a maiden's fair face;
It is happiness still to have openly guessed
The secret close kept in a good woman's breast!
It is praise to have once and for all fairly won
The love of the best wife beneath the June sun.

O sweet are the memories, waking
Still with the wild-birds' merry-making,
In meadow-field, orchard and wood!
Their joy is simple, their song is good;
And life is sweet with the summer bliss
And the lingering love-lisp of a kiss!

Well, for the years that have passed away,
We dare not regret, but remembering, say:
"Life is good, love is sweet, hearts are true!"
And this is the message I send to you:
"Be glad in the things that do not cloy—
It is June! The June of our Joy!"

THE HILLS OF HOME

As fair as familiar the hills of home rise,
Where the circling treetops meet the blue skies
In the sweet days of Spring, when the crab apples
show

Their purple and white, and the breezes that blow
Waft a fragrance as fresh as the fields and the
wood—

As familiar as fair and as gracious as good.

And when the long summer days lag in their pace,
While the hot winds of wrath smite the breath in
the face,

How cool and inviting the hills of home seem,
With their green and their shade to temper the
gleam

Of the midsummer sun—to see them still there
Refreshes the spirit and lightens our care.

O fair to the sight and the soul are they still,
When the frost sets a fire on the crest of each hill,
And the treetops resplendent toss their gay leaves
To the October wind, which triumphs and grieves,
In the midst of such splendors as show
How fair is the world which the country boys know.

And friendly as fair are the gray hills of home,
When the bleak wintry days forbid us to roam—
They still hem us in and still seem to share
Our circle of joys and our slow round of care:
Dear to hearts that remember the weary ways trod—
For the hills of our home are the hills of our God.

SINGING LOVE OVER

It is good for lovers to sing their love over—
The world has none too much grass and clover;
There are never too many blossoms in Spring,
There are never too many birds to sing.

Through all the March winds and the wild April
weather
The old orchard trees lean closer together:
They are splendid with pink-white blossoms today,
As they smile to each other and whisper, "'Tis
May."

Hail to the old apple trees, widely spreading
Their strong, shapely branches for their silver wedding!
Warm blow the winds from the uplands, where
Hilltops are greening and blossoming fair!
Still love is as sweet and life is as good
As the breath that comes from the orchard and
wood;
And the story of love is as new as when
The Angel of Spring told the secret to men.

It is sweet in the May to tell old loves over—
Wild waves the blue grass, sweet grows the clover:
Sing all the birds in the bright sunny weather—
Robins and thrushes and blackbirds together!
There is room in the world for each song they sing—
New worlds are theirs with each coming of Spring;
While love is the same, today and forever—
All seasons are theirs whom the world cannot sever.

THE DREAMER

Will the Dreamer be given a place on the Mount
Of Transfiguration, when He shall appear?—
Will He let me draw near
With Moses the Servant, Elijah the Seer?
While I tremble with fear,
Will He bend down to hear
The song I would bring—
My Master, O King?—
Then I shall sing!

THE PIONEERS

(Written on my father's eightieth birthday, July 13, 1911.)

The sturdy stuff of all their sires
Was molded in the race of them
Who builded first their wayside fires
Along the primal forests' hem;
Who dared the wilderness and fought
With wild men single-handed there;
Who cleared the underbrush and wrought
Out destiny with patient care!

In their small clearings, here and there,
By creek and river, as they fared,
The settler's cabin braved despair
And challenged death and dared
The awful loneliness that hushed
The hope that still survives—
The mad'ning silences that crushed
The brightness out of lives!

They were the heroes of the race,
Who conquered by the might
Of manhood; who stood face to face
With God and knew the right,
And did it with a fearless trust
That brooked no shriv'ling doubt;
Who did the things that ever must
Be done—as bravely did without!

It was the sons of hardy sires—
And not one whit less hardy these—
Who kindled first their wayside fires
On the wide prairies without trees;
Where the dread desolation swept
Across their spirits, day and night:
Strong men struggled and women wept
For loneliness beyond requite!

Such were the men and such their wives
Who laid the corner stone of State;
Who gave, in sacrifice, their lives
That we might here become the great
Rich Commonwealth, which now we hold
As our fair heritage today—
Far-spread splendors of grain and gold,
With wealth which can not pass away!

But they have passed—are passing now—
The remnants of the pioneers;
With the deep furrows on their brow,
Yet with cheeks unblanched by fears;
While heads are bent and steps are slow,
Their spirits are unconquered yet!
They go the way all heroes go—
But we will not forget!

PRAYER

Give words to prayer!
Give wings to words!
Rise to the upper air—
Sing with the birds!

Mount up the steeps
Of prayer—the heights
From whence He keeps
The heavenly lights!

Sail o'er the seas
In ships of prayer!
Upon consecrated knees
Go every where!

Let prayer have way!
So shalt thou see
The promises today;
So shalt thou be

Unmoved amid
The stress of care,
While thou art hid
With Christ in prayer!

THE RITUAL OF THE HEART

Not in the mystic symbols of the saints do I aspire
To sing my song, the offering of my soul's sincere
 desire;
Not in some mighty anthem, sung by the white-
 robed chair,
Nor yet in holy ritual, as the altar and the fire,
Of the solemn convocation, as the pillar and the
 cloud,
In the worship of assemblies—the ritual of the
 crowd;
But in the untaught ritual of the truth by Truth
 revealed,
In parable and passion, from the proud of heart
 concealed:
In the language of the lilies, purpling in the pond
 or white
As they were born of snowflakes, in the third watch
 of the night;
In the delight of daisies, breaking starward through
 the sod,
Looking upward to the morning, dawning from the
 face of God;
In the rapture of the bird-song, trilling out its own
 delight,
In the music of the morning, in the liturgy of light;
In the glory of the sunrise, flaming skyward, earth-
 ward, too,
Flooding all the fields with splendor, dimpled o'er
 with dancing dew;
In the halo of the twilight, in the hush that human
 is—
That mellows in the memory and keeps the earth
 still His:
Let me pray then, let me worship thus and sing—
Let me prove to you in loving, Love is yet a holy
 thing.

SECRETS OF THE SPRING

The soul's sweet sounds of other springs
Thrill in my heart today,
Despite the failure of the things
Of which I dream and pray.

The sun shines with a tender glow,
And sparkles in each rill,
And shimmers o'er late drifts of snow,
In the hollow of the hill.

The haze is holy with the hopes
Of glorious things of green,
Upon the hillside's sunny slopes—
Of things as yet unseen!

The air is pulsing with the praise
Of harvests still to be:
The birds are prophets of the days
We ever long to see.

They sing as if they knew the end
We dimly here discern;
And songs of grateful praise ascend
For that for which we yearn!

They understand—dear Nature's voice
To them is Heaven's own:
They do not fear while they rejoice,
Or when they sing alone.

We walk by faith—they dare to sing
The things we cannot see:
They know the secrets of the Spring
In wayside bush and tree.

They are the creatures of today—
We of tomorrow—yes!
They have the things for which we pray—
Know what we only guess!

TRANSFIGURED

Where love has left no token,
With all our idols broken,
 Bereft of our beautiful gods,
Unto what so like are we
 As the rattling, prattling pods
Of the thorny locust tree—
Clattering drearily.

Last night I said it: and lo,
This morning early the snow,
 From the sacred mountains fell,
Upon the dreary earth and turned
 My doubt into a holy spell
Of wonder! What I spurned
As barren, burned

And glowed in the dazzling light
With a resplendent glory, bright
 Above all others! See!
The fairest thing in all the range
 Of landscape, stands the locust tree,
Thorny, yet transfigured. Change
Has made this strange

Ill-shapen tree, into a thing
To marvel at. The snowbirds sing
 Right merrily; and lo, where hung
The long black pods, I see
 Splendor of sunshine, swung
On silver branches. O to be
Like the locust tree!

And am I less who hold,
Or may, the treasures of the gold
 Of all the ages in my dreams?
Why am I sore dismayed
 With doubts? The sunlight streams
Upon me. Why be afraid,
Who may be thus arrayed?

Will He do less for me, who dressed
The locust with this crystal crest,
And hung His diamonds there to show
The glory of it? Transfigured thus
I look up to Him. Forth I go:
Who gave His glory unto us
Has willed it so!

WHILE BROWN THRUSH SINGS

O foolish folk with your idle fears,
And slow of heart through all the years,
As the Master saith. Why worry so
Over the things which we cannot know,
And over the ways we have to go?

Why are your hearts sore troubled still
And filled with a dreamed-of dread of ill?
"Ye believe in God—believe in Me,"
The Master saith, who knows and cares
For the sparrow still and how it fares.

Though ways be dark and ways be long,
Every by-way has its bits of song!
The Master has said, "Be of good cheer:
Lo, I am with you always here"—
So put away your faltering fear.

The hedgerow thrush sings with the lark
At sunrise. At sunset dares the dark
And sings on into the night, for sheer
Joy of singing, sweet and strong and clear,
Without one quavering note of fear.

So would I live, though days be dark;
So would I rise up with the lark
And fear no evil, nor what life brings,
Of good or ill of earthly things,
While through it all the brown thrush sings!

SWEPT CLEAN

It is not the creed I hold, nor yours
By which Love lives. Only that endures
Which bubbles in the heart and draws
Its fresh life, not from ancient laws,
But from the mountain streams
Of Truth, where sunlight gleams
From summits bathed in light;
From mountain torrents in their might,
Which gather force each day,
Until they flood and sweep away
All boasting, pretence, pride,
Till, like the stern mountain side,
We naked stand, in solitude serene—
Of self and sordidness swept clean!

MY THANKSGIVING

I thank Thee, Father, for these Autumn days,
While yet the bloom is on the wayside flower,
The scent of clover on the midday air:
I lift my heart in silent praise,
And bless Thee, in my quiet hour,
That Thou hast made the world so fair.

I thank Thee, with uplifted hands, which hold
No other treasure than Thy grace bestows,
That life is filled with many precious stores
Brought from the sacred mount of gold:
And while the world with sunshine glows
My heart yearns heavenward and adores.

I thank Thee that this day and hour
Finds me with spirit still the same,
As in the other and the older days;
Yet chastened and refined by gentle power,
Not of mine own, while in Love's truest Name
I lift my heart and hymn this Autumn praise.

I thank Thee for the mystery of life,
Which finds expression in the bud and bloom
Of every flower, the spreading of each spray
Of tender leaves, till there is royal strife
Between the sun and shadow and the gloom
And glory of this sweet October day.

THE MANTLE OF McLEAN

We loved him—he was with us long—
We miss him now; he was so strong;
Rugged in his manhood, regal in mind;
So kingly in his manner, yet so kind;
We who knew him best, loved him the most—
“He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost.”

’Twas so he walked among us, as of old
Walked the Beloved, shepherd of the fold
In Ephesus, in heart a little child,
To whom the children ran and smiled,
Upon whose heads he laid his tender touch—
He loved them and they loved him much.

He was a humble man—he was the friend
Of such, who knew they always could depend
On him; he knew no rank or class;
He was our brother; he would not pass
The lowly by—he was the friend of all,
Who sought to hear and heed the Master’s call.

He was our John, the Seer, and Paul, in one:
He saw the vision, sought to see it done!
“In labors more abundant,” now we say,
Since he laid the burden down and went away.
We bring the tribute of our tears and praise,
As we go on, for us, our lonely ways.

He was our Crusader of the lion heart—
He was a fighter with the fighter’s art—
The spirit of Cromwell and the Pilgrim crew
Was in him; and of the Covenanters, too!
He labored much, and labored not in vain—
God grant us still the mantle of McLean!

WITNESSED

God has witnessed of His presence in all places
manifold :

He has left a solemn sentence on the mount of
burning gold,

When the purple peaks are garnished with the gar-
ments of the sun,

Cast off, like one in battle, with the hosts upon the
run.

He is the God of Herman and of Sinai of old :

These are His testimonies, written on the peaks of
gold.

He has set His bow of promise where the black
hosts of the night

Riot with the thunders, revel with the dancing light !

Behold herein His presence, as to Moses He ap-
peared,

When of old the mountain trembled and the won-
dering people feared,

And hid their faces from Him, for the brightness
of the flame,

And could not look upon Him for the glory of His
name !

We may hear Him in the forest, with its lambent,
laughing leaves,

In the Springtime of His promise, when the slow
of heart believes ;

See the trailing of His garments in the full-orbed
Summer suns,

When the fields are full of anthems, and the royal
river runs

Full banked with rippling waters, and the rushes
bending o'er

Catch the heavenly inspiration of the river and
the shore,

And rustle in their rapture such a rhapsody of
praise

As was never heard on land or sea, except on Sum-
mer days !

AUTUMN

The sunshine falls afar
In scattered rays:
O fair my visions are
These Autumn days!

The hazy glow is spread
On earthly things,
While gleaming overhead
Shine golden wings!

The world is fair in death—
The Autumn sings!
I breathe today the breath
Of latent springs!

The dead sleep well! God's peace
Is unlike ours:
He giveth rest who gives release
To faded flowers!

Sweet flowers, which failed to bloom,
Still seek the sun:
He giveth light—across the room
The sunbeams run!

The trees, which dropped their leaf,
Will bud again:
Out of this golden grief
God speaks to men!

He knoweth best—enough to know
He understands:
Enough, that in our human woe,
He holds our hands!

The sun shines still today—
I bow my head;
And walking in His way
Salute the dead!

Let come what will to me
I trust Him still:
God has all eternity
To do His will!

WHERE THE CAT-TAILS GROW

What could be fashioned more to please
Than lilies and cat-tails, where o'er-arching trees
Sweep the water's edges, with its purple and green,
With lines of sunshine lying between;
While the bird songs and the buzz of bees
Mingle with the deep wood's solemn symphonies.

Who has not known such joy as this
Has not known the untroubled bliss
Of a soul made free for a little spell
To wander forth where great thoughts dwell:
Where the words of the Master come soft and sweet,
From the lilies lisping low at his feet;
Where the hand of toil has never yet
Spoiled the beauty, where God has set
Nature to do as she pleases, and found
The spot to him is holy ground!

PRAYING

You are tired of praying
To a God you cannot see?
You are weary of delaying?
Come and go with me!
Out where the world is wide—
Out where the winds are free;
Out where the humantide
Cannot bother you and me.

Out where the grass is green
And the noonday dews are sweet,
And the secrets all unseen
Before, lie at our very feet:
Where the wild flowers and the ferns
Hide in each shady nook,
And a fairy finger turns
The leaves in Love's new book!

O, it is sweet to rest
The heart from its fear and fret,
And to find the present best
As we laugh and just forget
All the burdens of the day,
And the things for which we sigh;
While we forget to pray
Because God is so nigh!

WHO LOVE MAY SHARE

All love is one in common speech,
Who understands one heart may teach;
Whose own and inmost thought is fraught
With impulse of one kindred thought.

All love is wise, who understand
One heart may hold a human hand;
Who stands beside one soul, apart
From the great world, may hear its heart!

All love is one in work—lives tell—
He is wise as worthy who lives well;
He best completes his high design
Who makes one lowly deed to shine!

Love is strong! Deeds point the way
Unto some higher good each day:
Who do their duty still declare
That love is stronger than despair!

All love is one in song: who bring
A full heart offering may sing!
He sings the noblest who keeps
His soul supreme, the while he sleeps!

All love is holy! Heaven hath naught
Nor earth, save this one holy thought;
Who loves is born of God and heir
Of all things! Who love may share!

DOUBT AND FAITH

The doubt that dares to frame itself in speech
Is better than the faith that dares not reach
Beyond our childish arm-length for the flower
A little way above us or below. The hour
In which we live is such that we
Must walk by faith, wherein we cannot see,
And climb, with small hold for our feet,
Beneath us or above us—we cannot retreat!

The doubt that dares is nobler, I aver,
Than the poor faith that cringes like a cur
Between the legs of superstitious creed and clan
And dares not doubt, nor be a man.
It is better to be a man, with manly doubt,
Than to sit supinely in the world, without
The trouble or the triumphs that do come
Of doubt and conflict. Sit not dumb

O Soul, while others cry for bread
And perish for the words unsaid,
Because of our poor faith that mocks at God
And man; yet will not spare the rod
Of scourging from the bruised reed,
Nor lift the burden of our brother's need.
O for the faith that dares the doubt, the strife,
The world, the wilderness and the future life!

“INTO THY HANDS”

“Into Thy hands, my Father,” thus I pray,
And He in love has kept me day by day,
Along life's luring, sometimes lonely way—
Whate'er betide, where'er my feet may stray.

And it was ever so! His love has kept,
When I forgot and when I careless slept
Life's hours away, nor dreamed the May
Of life and love forever might not stay.

My love has failed me oftentimes and yet
His love is tender and cannot forget;
His love is strong and so He would not let
Me go, for all my folly and my fret.

So I abide me while the lingering day
Grows shorter, and along life's little way
Love leads me on, and I look up and stay
My trusting heart on Him and waiting pray.

And I have found life sweet and strong the while
I trusted Him and rested in His smile,
With much to soothe my sadness and beguile,
And He has gone with me the "second mile."

So I go on, as yesterday, the day before,
Not knowing whither, only that the door
Has opened and will open as of yore,
And life still grows from more to more.

THE THRUSH'S RETURN

Bird of magic mimicries,
I hail this sweet return
Of Springtime's fair festivities,
While Northern Lights still burn
In our late Winter nights.
Bird of the dear delights,
Herald of Spring and Joy!—
I feel myself once more a boy,
And life's outlook grows fair,
After the storm and snow,
With song-birds everywhere!—
While soft winds blow
Upon my brow, and fan
The hopes of the heart of man
Into the hopes and joys
Of happy-hearted boys!

IT IS WELL

It is well! In the twilight calm and content
I find the meaning of life made clear;
I see the good in the thing I meant,
And the one who loves me still is near.

It is well! In the midst of winter's snows
I catch the strain of the New Year's cheer.
My heart is glad, though the North Wind blows—
Life is running to meet another year.

It is well! With my face to the noonday sun
My soul throws off the midnight chill,
As I watch the swift shadows as they run
Like heralds of hope o'er each snow clad hill.

It is well! The winter at last will break—
So often I say—I say it to you!
The Springtime will come and we will awake
Out of the old life into the new.

AT THE GATEWAY

Gray December, dark and drear,
And stern as a sentinel seer,
Stands passionless still on guard
At the gateway, black and barred.
The sun, through murk and haze,
Makes haste on wintry days—
Sudden darkness and gloom
Fall over each silent room.
The winds of the world sweep by—
Desolate droops the lowering sky;
Storm clouds hang low and spread
And break in blackness overhead.
Out of this blackness softly fall
The feathery snowflakes over all:
The old earth, desolate and drear,
Dreams of the New Year's cheer.

Morning breaks—the sky is clear—
This is the glad New Year:
The dear earth's dream is true—
Behold all things made new.
Such transformations I behold
On desolate wood and wold—
Each river and brook and field
In the New Year stands revealed.

THE SONG OF SPRING

This morning I heard a meadowlark sing
In rich, rare notes, full of quavering,
As he upward soared on trembling wing,
Like a dream of some beautiful thing,
Down to this lower landscape hurled,
From the lighter world,
But which could not be
Bound to the land or the sea,
For the lightness of wing,
And the song it must sing,
Compelled it to fly
Up again to the sky;
For the song it must sing
Was the rapturous song of Spring!

I heard a robin, with crimson throat,
Cheerily challenge, in each full note,
The waking world, and something thrilled
With the old wonder again and filled
The breath of the brooding air
With a psalm and prayer
In one! For the song he sung,
And which trembled among
The whispering trees,
Where the honeybees
Mingled their cheer
With the jaybird's jeer—
Was the song he must sing
Of the rapturous days of Spring!

AFTER THE SILENCES

Hot blows the Southwest wind, all the long Summer
day,
Silent the song of birds and the voices of children
at play;
Asleep the cricket underneath a tuft of wind-blown
hay;
Quiet the katydid, no music in all the haunts
Of birds and singing things and Nature's loving
taunts!
Slowly the twilight creeps, sweet falls the evening
calm:
Like a benediction of peace, breaks forth the old
world's psalm!
Cricket and katydid, robin and thrush combined,
After the silences, each, with a melody refined
Through the tremulous, terrible, torturous Summer
heat,
Brooding all day long o'er woods and field and
street!

Slowly the long shadows crept forth from the hills
and lay,
Like the hand of Infinite Love, on the throbbing
brow of Day!
And the Angel of Rest, white-winged, gentle of
touch and grace,
Stood by the baby's crib till a smile came into the
white, wan face;
Weary women looked up and laughed, and tired
men sighed relief,
And hearts took hope, long hushed in a voiceless
grief.
And quietness, peace and rest came with the blessed
balm,
And up from the weary world 'rose a rhapsody of
psalm!

Thus, in the midst of all, when sorrows like shad-
ows creep

Into our desolate homes—He giveth our loved ones
sleep!

Aye more! He giveth them strength of His might!
And more! He giveth them songs in the night,
As sweet and as strong as the song that thrills
In the twilight calm, from the heart of the hills!

MY SONG OF TRIUMPH

To feel the breath of Spring,
To hear the thrushes sing,
To soar upward with the lark:
Out of the dusk and dark,
To see the Morning break,
To watch the world awake;
To see with glad surprise
The Dawn mount up the skies,
And to behold the sun,
Rejoicing still to run
The last lap in life's race,
With courage and with hope,
Adown the shadowed slope,
And still to trust and sing,
Is the triumphant thing!

To turn the tattered page
Of youth into old age,
And yet to feel the thrill,
And know the gladness still
Of spring, of summer, fall;
To listen to the call
Of wild things in the wood,
And know that life is good;
To waken out of sleep,
To breathe the fragrance deep
Of meadow-lands new mown,
From old farm homesteads blown;
To see the twilight fall,
Yet to believe that all
Is well and still shall be
Is youth and immortality!

GREAT SOULS

Great souls there are and without fear,
Whose words strike some great note of cheer,
Whose simple faith bears up and on
Forever toward the New Day Dawn,
Which prophet-souls long have foreseen,
Who toiled amid the low and mean—
The sycophants of church and state,
The scribes and pharisees of hate,
The rabble of the restless throng—
In the long strife of right with wrong,
Who would not God and Truth deny,
While idle lips cried "Crucify!"

Great souls of all the ages, these—
Strong in their fine simplicities—
Their scorn of what the world calls great,
Alike in church and school and state:
The pride of life, of rank and birth,
And all the boast of wealth and worth;
Lust of the flesh, lust of the eye,
That flaunts itself up to the sky!
Strong souls who dared to walk alone,
With bare feet, bleeding, to atone
For sin, and that they might proclaim
Salvation in Messiah's name!

Great souls there are who dare to stand
For righteousness in every land—
Ambassadors of Christ in every age,
Whose names we read anew upon the page
Of Progress, when the glory fades away
From the vain heroes of their day.
Such souls as these, unheralded, unknown,
Who dare to stand with God alone,
Amid the fading glory of the kings,
The sinking splendors of all earthly things,
Believing still that God is with His own,
And it is safe to walk with Him alone!

Such souls as these, of passion and of power,
We need in this world's sad hour,
When men are running to and fro,
With knowledge increased, but who do not know
Which way to go, with minds distraught,
And wisdom of the world has come to naught!
God give us men, who dare to rise
Above the tumult and the noisy cries
Of statesmen, with their narrow views,
The politicians and their plotting crews—
Men who dare to stand and speak
Brave words for all the wronged and weak!

God give us men of faith, who dare to hold
That brotherhood is better than the gold
Of all the banks of Wall Street or the Strand,
In all the mines of every land!
Men, who in their simple faith believe
It is more blessed still to give than to receive:
Who give themselves—and giving all—
Go forth to answer Love's great call,
Where there is greatest need for Love to go,
Where there is greatest want and woe—
Great souls, by heaven called and sent,
Who give their all with fine content!

THE OLD AND THE NEW

The New Year is born of the breath
Of the Winter: Life out of death
Is the message it brings to all.
So let the mantle of the old year fall
On the new prophet. Drop no tear—
Elijah has gone but Elisha is here!

What matter? God's ways are of old—
Chariot of fire or chariot of cold—
His prophets come and His prophets go,
His chariots rule in the storm-cloud and snow.
Let fall the mantle of the white-haired sage—
Welcome the New Year and the Newer Age!

EMPTY NESTS

The wind blows south and moans through all the
trees;

Hushed the familiar hum of honey bees;
The leaves fall off; the maples stand out bare
Amid the changing scenes, with here and there
An empty nest of the house-haunting dove,
Where all the summer long they told their love!
The pines and larches drop their shapely cones,
And the wind blows south and moans and moans!

The orchard shows no living thing of green,
The shapeliest shrub and tree look poor and mean.
And where the blackbirds built their nests and
swung

Upon the topmost twigs, and robin sung
His saucy songs, in the sweet days of spring,
I see an empty nest—a lonely, loveless thing!
The brown thrush built in yonder hedging row,
But all are empty now, or high or low!

Yet they will come, 'tis said, and build again
Their summer homes amid the haunts of men;
For birds are kindred in their loves to us,
They build and brood, and we are building thus.
And there are empty nests today, I know,
In many a household! Change on all below
Is busy with our best loved and familiar things—
Death brings us empty nests and broken wings!

Oh! Death has a tender touch, a tearful smile,
Withal a light and lingering footstep, while
The soul is torn and trembling, and then
A silence and a solemn stillness when
We know 'tis ended! But knowing feel
Our utter helplessness, our senses reel,
Amid the strangeness of familiar things—
Death leaves us empty nests and broken wings!

WHEN WE SHUT LOVE OUT

“Words! Words!! Words!!!”
Better the song of birds,
Than to worry and wonder,
And part us asunder,
Over words that we use,
And often abuse,
And sometimes refuse,
Because we're obtuse!

And the other fellow, too,
Is as stubborn as you!
And neither will agree
At all with me!
And so we fall out,
Get into a pout,
And end up in doubt,
When we shut Love out!

A YEAR

A year of life,
A year of death!
We hold our breath,
Amid the strife
Of souls out-run—
Who lost their breath—
Of lives out-done,
By a double-death!

A year of love,
A year of peace,
Of sweet release
To One above!
Of pain to those,
Whose joy is this:
Who shared earth's woes,
Shares Heaven's bliss!

THE GOD OF ALL OUTDOORS

Red are the clover blossoms,
White and red together,
Down in the meadows, lying
Fair in the sweet June weather!
Nature is surely vying
To beat the old world's story
Of the coming of the glory
To the earth and of the birth
Of beauty bound to duty,
In the round of earthly cares,
And of softly murmured prayers,
As we go about our chores
For the God of all outdoors!

It is good to worship thus,
In the soft summer weather,
Binding prayers and cares
And blessings all together,
As we climb the altar stairs,
And go about our work,
With a faith that will not shirk;
Lightening cares with prayers,
Filling each place with grace,
Finding in His employ
The fulness of His joy,
While we go about our chores
For the God of all outdoors!

WITH THE BIRDS

I heard dear robin sing today,
Despite the storm and stress,
O my Beloved, this is May,
Without her soft caress.

And phoebe in the peach tree near,
Remembering his one note,
Trilled it out tenderly and clear,
From his impassioned throat.

The solitary thrush, low down, along
The hedgerow over there,
Poured forth a potpourri of song
Upon the trembling air.

The grey dove, far away or near,
I could not tell just where,
Forgot her shyness and her fear
And crooned in loving care.

From orchard, field and meadow, where
I went my daily round,
I hear a thrilling song in air
With rapture in each sound.

I had no song, until I heard,
Bold robin pipe his lay;
But now my song is with the bird—
Beloved, this is May.

THE BREAK-UP

I heard a twitter of triumph somewhere among the
trees,
I heard a boisterous bluster borne on the southwest
breeze,
And then a soft, sweet whisper, silvery as the
tongue
Of children, laughing gaily the forest trees among;
I saw a white cloud floating far in the deeper blue—
I saw and heard and wondered, and by these signs
I knew
That Spring had come! And life leaped up to
greet
The new hope, the new gladness, full and fair and
sweet!

THE POET'S PRAYER

I pray to be forgiven, while I pray
In heaven for one unweary day:
For one sweet blush of quivering light
On sunset skies; one dreamy night,
In which to sing the songs which here
Were neither seen nor sung quite clear;
In which 'tis given to complete
The strain within my soul held sweet.

One day, one touch of trembling light,
(I pray forgiveness) but one night,
In which to gather up my soul
Into itself, until the whole
Is turned to harmony: and thus to sing
One song unto my Love, my King!
To sweep one strain in the strong might
Of immortality, till heaven grows light.

I pray to be forgiven, while I ask
Diviner insight to complete the task
That's given me. To sing one strain
That shall be free from pain;
One lofty strain that holds within
No woe of soul, no pang of sin:
One song that shall express the whole
For which I've sought: My Soul!

I WILL!

I will believe, though doubts assail
My soul, along the winding trail
That leads, I know not where!
Yet I will not despair:
Others have gone this way,
Others have dared to pray,
Others have learned to say:
"Thy will be done today!"

I will be bold to bear my cross,
To serve, to suffer loss,
To share your burden, too,

To share myself with you,
To put aside the sorrow,
To meet the new tomorrow,
With courage and with cheer,
To meet the glad New Year!

I will endure, nor shirk the task,
Because I fail of what I ask,
Though all that I have sought
May come at last to naught;
Though all my plans go wrong,
Still will I sing my song,
Since naught can take away
The peace of Christ, my stay!

MID-OCTOBER

The hedgerows by the roadside are turning russet
brown;

There, through half-barren treetops, show the
black roofs of the town:

The whole broad landscape shows the touch of
late September fires,

And all the trees are tremulous with their treble-
throated choirs.

The whole world seems alive with unseen, song-
less things,

And spectral shapes float noiselessly, without the
sound of wings:

A strange, glad quiet broods above the fields of
corn and cane,

And sweet forgetfulness now steals the heart of
half its pain.

There is no sadness in the scene, but gladness
glorified!

The harvest of the earth is ripe—the fields
spread far and wide;

The hills are musical with mirth, beneath the shag-
bark hickory tree—

There's a burst of boyish laughter, a gush of
girlish glee!

THE WORLD FOR ME IS GLAD

I know that I am grizzled, gray,
But still I like to hear
The robin's rapture in the May,
The cry of the killdeer,
That bring again to me
The years that used to be!

For they are living still
In boyhood's memory,
Despite the irk and ill
That may have come to me,
And I am glad today
In the years that are away!

And I am happy, happier,
Than when the years were young,
For all sweet memories of Her,
For all the songs I've sung,
When Love was in the May,
Before She went away!

They are no more—the days
Of childhood and of youth,
And yet I sing my praise,
Despite the wrong and ruth,
That broke my heart and left
The world for me bereft!

Yet the world for me is glad,
Childhood for me is gay!
For all the gladness I have had
I praise the God today,
Who gave and took away
The glory of the May!

THE GOLDEN YEAR

I thank Thee, Father, for the lovely land,
The place and promise of my lowly birth;
The wealth and wonder that I here behold,
That lies around me upon every hand—
Fall benedictions on the brown old earth,
Its ripened fruits and leaves of shining gold!

I thank Thee, Father of all light and love,
And Giver of all good, this golden year
Of fruits and flowers and garnered grain and corn,
With sympathetic skies, serene above
The whole year through, despite our fears,
And even-twilight radiant as the morn.

I thank Thee for the promises fulfilled
In wonderment, beyond our dream of all
The beauty and the blessings of the earth:
For gentle dews, from dreamy deeps distilled
And scattered whither, as His diamonds fall
Softly around our pathways from our birth!

And now I thank Thee for the wondrous things
That passed away, and passing left behind
The impress of their beings beautified—
The gentle angels that stretched out their wings
Toward earth, in sympathy with human-kind,
And yearned o'er us and sighed!

And more, I thank Thee for the things that do
 remain:
The faith that fails not and which holds
Steadfast on hope, the harpsi-chord of praise,
Which sings above our suffering and pain;
And for the Love eternal which enfolds
And crowns with blessings our Thanksgiving days!

WITH THE WINDS OF AUTUMN IN MY HAIR

When Nature flaunts her glory to the breeze,
And the ageless anthem from all the trees
Is echoed by the blackbirds everywhere,
I feel once more the rapture rare,
While the dreams of all the years come back
Along the loops of memory's track,
And life for me holds no despair,
With the winds of Autumn in my hair.

How can this be a world of woes
When the heart of age a-dreaming goes
Down the youth-lanes of the years?
Without regrets and without fears
Of all tomorrow's unseen ills,
While sun and stars, on the far hills
Of Home still shine, and Hope still sings
Of love's alluring, living things.

Still to my soul there comes the sense
Of raptures—the sweet recompense
That Nature brings to them who learn
Her secrets, where the oak leaves burn
Russet and brown and golden,
Along the life-lanes olden,
Where memory, like a truant boy,
Loiters along in simple joy.

And still my heart with youth is gay,
As I go loitering down the way;
With the winds of Autumn in my hair,
Blown from the Land of Everywhere;
While the never-ending story
Of October's golden glory,
And the rapture of it all
Still holds my soul in thrall.

Still to me comes the charm that cheers
My life a-down the youth of years—
The comradeship of Nature's own,

Whose secrets may be found alone
By them who listen with their hearts,
Unspoiled by pride, devoid of arts,
Who follow where the children stray—
And who still love and laugh and play.

FOR ALL GLORY IS HIS

Glory of sunshine on Thanksgiving Day,
Lingering long, like a memory of May—
Falling aslant through the upland trees,
Haunted still by the birds and bees.

The music of May is murmuring still
In the drowsy deeps, by river and rill;
And sweet airs, floating o'er field and wood,
Are whispering softly that God is Good!

The years have taken their tithe of tears,
And faith has faltered with trembling fears;
Yet in my heart Hope is singing today
Of the things the years could not take away!

And still with the Singer of old I can say:
"The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away!
Blessed be the name of the Lord alway!"
And still I thank Him for the things that stay!

Tho' the earth is lapped in its somber gray,
Yet for me the world is glad and gay,
While little children still laugh and play,
And I am as happy and hopeful as they.

Still I can say, with my face to the skies:
"My dreams are sweet, though His love denies!"
For all I have lost I find there is gain,
And praise Him now for the things that remain!

For the beauty of Spring, of Summer and Fall,
And winds of Winter—I praise Him for all!
For the glory that was and the glory that is,
On this Thanksgiving Day, for all glory is His!

THE OLD YEAR'S GLORY

I have seen the old year's glory
Set in splendor in the trees;
I have heard the old world's story
In the passing of each breeze.

I have seen the vision golden
In the flaming maple rows,
Along the highways olden,
Where the heart of memory goes.

And the hallelujahs breaking
From their shattered harps of gold,
In my heart of hearts are making
Musical the memories of old.

I have seen and heard and wondered,
As when Sinai of old
Trembled with His tread and thundered,
But the half has not been told.

Not in the earthquake or the storm,
Not with battle smoke and shell,
Does He show to us His form,
Does He all His mysteries tell.

But the still small voice is sounding
In the silences to me:
And my heart with life abounding
Answers to the earth and sea.

For all Nature speaks to show us
That which never can be told,
And the Autumn winds still blow us,
With their shattered harps of gold.

And forever and forever,
With the coming of the fall,
Return our dreams but never
Can we understand them all.

But the One who gave to us the dream,
And made the soul a seer,
Can show us things that only seem,
And make the mysteries clear.

“I WILL” NOT MUST

The years come and go;
Silently, swiftly, falls the snow
On the bare earth below.
God wills it so,
And I am glad!
Why should my heart be sad?
Sweet are the years, while trust
Whispers “I Will,” not must!

I lift my face up still
Serenely to the snow-clad hill.
There is no bitter ill
Beyond the blessed will
Of Christ to stay.
The hope of May
Sings in my heart, while trust
Whispers “I Will,” not must!

I know not where I go
This other year; but this I know
He knows, and so
I bide His will and go
Forth bravely! If I fail,
I bring no bitter wail.
Glad are my days, while trust
Whispers “I Will,” not must!

I know not whether I
Shall happily live, or haste to die:
Up to the wintry sky
I gaze, nor question why.
Let sun or shadow fall,
I heed the Master's call
Whither I go, while trust
Whispers “I Will,” not must!

Down in a tangle of clover I hear
 A meadowlark's merry note of cheer,
 Tremulous, triumphant, resounding,
 With the laughter of life abounding,
 Filling, thrilling the sweet atmosphere
 With "Fall o' the year—
 Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!—
 Fall o' the year!"

And sly, shy Bob White, the rover,
 Up to his collar in clover,
 Thinking himself the one bidden,
 Like a truant schoolboy, hidden
 Under the thistles, with all his might whistles—
 "Alright! Alright!
 Here! Here! Here!
 Fall o' the year!"

While the brown-thrush swung on the topmost
 limb
 Of the elm tree, thinking they challenged him,
 Piped out an answer with quirk and slur,
 In every place where these might occur—
 Keeping the time of his medley rhyme—
 Charming, complete,
 Cheering to hear—
 "Fall o' the year!"

And the field-sparrow, chief of the ivy crest,
 On a neighboring fence post, filled his chest,
 And flung out his tremulous little trill
 Of song, on the sweet September still—
 His little throat swelling crescendo every note:
 Cherry and strong,
 Without a fear—
 "Fall o' the year!"

And the garrulous blackbirds, congregating
 Out in the cottonwoods, fell to relating

The story of Summer fields and wood,
Chattering all, as if they understood,
In the top of each tree making jubilee:

Joy without care
Sounds far and near—
“Fall o’ the year!”

A SNOW SONG

It isn’t snowing snow to me,
It’s dropping snowballs down,
Which means a jolly jubilee
For all the boys in town!

It isn’t merely snow I see,
But gladness all around,
As little ones go cheerily,
With snow upon the ground.

It isn’t simply snowing snow,
But bobsled rides galore!
So let the winds of winter blow,
The youngsters cry for more!

It isn’t snowing snow to me,
But roses in the cheek
Of children chasing merrily,
As ’round the ring they streak.

It isn’t snowing snow, but joy
To him whose heart is young—
Who in his heart is still a boy,
With snowflakes on his tongue!

It isn’t dreary out-o’-doors,
But happiness complete—
It’s winter here on oaken floors—
Outside the world is sweet!

THE FAILURES

"Others He saved, Himself He could not save!"

You have heard this tale before,
Of His failure and the Cross He bore!
For they said of Him and waved
Their hands: "Others He saved
Himself He could not save!"
And then they gave another wave
Of their hands and wagged
Their heads and swaggered,
And spat upon Him and mocked,
And scourged Him as they talked,
And reviled and railed
At Him who failed!

And others, too, have failed!
Others, too, have reviled and railed
At them who dared to dream
Beyond the things that seem
To hem them in and make
Life a mockery! Who dare forsake
All things for Him; Who dare
To fail! To have their prayer
Unanswered and to go alone,
That with Him they might atone
For sin! Who bear the cross
And dare to suffer loss!

Millions have died to do the Deed—
To meet the human need:
The multitudes have toiled,
Childhood has been despoiled,
Womanhood has been wronged,
Robbed of that which belonged
By sacred rights to her,
And made to sin and err,
While some scoffed and sneered,
Railed at her and jeered,
Abused her and assailed—
Because she failed!

Millions died in "No-man's Land"—
Brothers of the broken band
Of freemen—struggling still
Up Calvary's rugged hill!—
Yet dying these have waved
Us forward! "Others they saved,
Themselves they could not save!"
Their all they freely gave—
They dared to suffer loss,
They bore the nation's cross!
Dying, they bid us hail,
Who dare with them to fail!

WHEN IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE

This is a good old world, no matter what some say,
Or whether it's September or it's May,
With the birds in all the treetops, glad and gay,
Although the gladness of it may not stay.

There is music in the Maying and in June,
If we keep the harp of happiness in tune;
There's a rapture in the Summertime of song,
When the melodies are sweet and days are long.

And there's music in October still for me,
The joyousness of late birds in the tree—
The birds that were too full of joy to go away—
The last to leave us and the first to come in May!

And when November comes, I still am glad
For all the joys of youth and years I've had!
December is the month of childhood and of mirth,
The Christmastime of happiness on earth!

And what some call the "Winter of our discontent"
Is good, when we remember all the blessings sent:
For I've found that it is happiness, just to be
 alive,
When there's "'lasses in the jug and honey in
 the hive!"

THE ANGEL—DEATH

“Halt! Who goes there?”

“Men call me Death,
In their despair,
For I am everywhere!
I take the baby’s breath,
And hush the mother’s heart;
I soothe the pain.
I am not loss but gain:
Mine is the blessed art
Of giving peace instead,
Of giving larger life
For all the struggle, strife,
To them whom men call dead!”

“Halt! You shall not come!”

“Except I come to you,
You shall not find
True peace of mind,
Nor can your dreams come true!
Nor all the things you would:
The highest and the best,
The satisfying rest,
The choicest, noblest good!
The end of troubled thought,
Freedom from passion, pain,
The rest that doth remain,
The peace that passeth not!”

“Then welcome, Death!”

“I come not to despoil,
Nor do I come to rob,
But to still the throb
Of heart, to rest from toil;
To calm the troubled brow,
To cure the souls of men,
To link the Now and Then,

To make the Then and Now
Like unto that above:
And to bring heaven down
To earth, that I may crown
My angel-sister—Love!"

MY SOUL TO YOUR SOUL

O friend of mine, in the midst of toil,
I bid you cheer! Work cannot spoil
The soul of Peace when the Prince is near,
While perfect love still casts out fear.
The brotherhood of toil is yet to be
The heir of earth's real royalty.
Who suffer with Him soon shall reign
With the Prince who bore the Cross of Pain!
The Crown of Thorns is the symbol still
Of the conquering life and the conquering will.

I greet you, Freemen, in the race
Of royal souls—heirs of His grace;
Who, suffering loss, rejoice the more
That it is theirs to suffer and adore;
Who do the Master's will and bear
The Cross with gladness anywhere!
I greet you and am glad today
In what I have, in that for which I pray.
Freemen are they who dare to trace
The future with uplifted face!

I lean my soul to the soul of the soil,
And lay my heart to the heart of toil,
While I clasp your hand in hand of mine,
And cast my care on the Care divine.
I dare to trust when Love is glad,
I dare to trust when hope is sad!
I know not how the future lies,
Yet lift my face to the changing skies,
And go forth fearlessly with cheer
Into the mystery of the year!

THE TRUTH

To love the Truth for its own sake
Is to be free as the Truth can make!

To love it and live it,
To find it and give it,
To hold it more dear
Than all things else here:

To love it supremely and stand
Fearlessly, with foes on every hand,
Is to triumph and win,
Over suffering and sin,
And out of defeat
Make victory complete!

Though men may not see and men will not hear,
And some may scoff and some may sneer—

Who loves the Truth shall be
Forever made free!

For free-born are they
Who hold it for aye!

Out of the whirlwinds of the world
The thunderbolts of His wrath are hurled!

But His word shall stand,
And at His command,
Like streams shall flow
From mountains of snow!

THE YEARS AWAY

At robin's first clear note today
The music of the years away
Comes gaily singing back;
And life has now no lack,
Despite the work and waste,
The humdrum and the haste,
The aches and pains and sighs,
With March winds and the skies
O'ercast; and scurrying to and fro
Of flying frost and snow.
See! Yonder bursts the sun,
Where the long shadows run!

Ha! Ha! Winter is on his back,
And Spring is on his track!

Come wind and sun to me,
And robin in the tree—
The music of the years away
Is singing in my heart today!
Blow winds! Bring April back,
And May, with Love no lack!
Say to the songless and the sad—
Sing, and you shall be glad!
The music of the years away,
Sad hearts, be yours today!

APPLE BLOSSOMS

I love them for their rich profusion—
The marvel of this sweet confusion
Pleases me much! It seems as though,
Despite the centuries crowned with snow,
And dearth of faith and the untimely frost,
The Spirit of the ancient Pentecost
Had fallen upon them, not on us,
And he in love reproved us thus!

Beneath the bending boughs I stand
And pluck them freely in each hand,
And crush them gently, for their sweet,
Then drop them softly at your feet!
Love is so lavish in this careless way
With all the dear delights of May!
But then I do not think it wrong
To take the blossom and the song.

There is a benediction in the air,
And in my heart I frame this prayer
To Him who is so lavish of His best:
"Fall thou on us, as on the rest,
O gentle Spirit of the Love that makes
All things beautiful on earth and takes
Lavishly of blossoms, dew and light,
And move us with Thy tender might!"

WHEN OUR LOVED ONES DEPART

If the heart be not wise
 Beyond logic and art,
Then the soul has no eyes
 When our loved ones depart.

Unseen by our eyes,
 Unheard by our ears,
The far distant land lies
 Beyond what now appears.

We meet and we part,
 We speak our good-byes—
But only the heart
 Can make the soul wise.

Love still yearns and cries,
 As love always has done,
When we say our good-byes
 At the set of the sun.

Yet Love has her way,
 As Love always has had—
Love sings of the May
 And the things that make glad.

There's no journey too long,
 And no distance too wide,
But Love sings her song
 While she travels beside.

All unseen to our sight,
 Love goes with us still,
And kindles the light
 On the far distant hill.

For Love is a pilgrim
 And goeth before:
When earth lights grow dim
 Love opens the door

And lets the light in
From the land where they need
No light of the sun,
And the loving may read

The message made clear,
Through the crystal of tears,
While loved ones grow dear
With the memory of years.

WHITE SEA GULLS

O birds with the white wings flying
Far inland from the sea!
O birds with the strange voice crying
Like spirits to be free.

O white-winged sea gulls, trying
This strange, unsealike flight;
O wandering sea birds crying
Unto me in the night.

O phantom bird replying
In the darkness to her mate:
O lonely sea gulls flying
Still onward—it is late!

O white winged birds, descending
Into the deeper dark;
Whose is the doom impending?
Where sails the sea-man's bark?

O white robed sea thought, winging,
Seaward thine unspent flight:
Hast thou a message bringing
Some spent soul into light?

Is there a Headland, lying
Somewhere in the gloom unguessed?
O strange, sad sea bird flying
Still onward—it is best.

REMEMBERED AT MY BEST

If sometime in the silence I should slip away,
As one who ventures forth on some strange
quest,
With all the amber splendors of the dying day
Aflame in the deep haven of the West:
Friends of my childhood days, when life was play,
And Memory was young—grant me this request,
With the return of robin and the memory of May,
That I may be remembered at my best!

Friends of my youth, brothers of an idle heart,
And sisters of the sunny days, whose names
sound strange
Upon my lips, which have forgot the art
Of nicknames, midst the chance and change
Of fortune and of fame, or what we sometimes call
By these pet names of poets, prating like the
rest—
Forgive my follies and forgetting all,
Only let me be remembered at my best!

Friends of the burdened years that lie between
The midlands and the mountains, who have
toiled
With me to cross the plains, with now a bit of
green,
Amid a stretch of sand, where noon sun boiled
And hearts failed—some fainted and some died—
Comrades in toil, who dared to venture in the
quest,
Who braved the dangers—brothers true and
tried—
Forget my failures and remember at my best!

Loved who first loved me—whose name I bear—
My mother! I need not ask this gentle thought
Of you, whose every yearning was a prayer
For me; and yet, for all the things I ought
To have been or to have done, for love so good;
Wherein I failed, I come with this request—

Forgive me, and where I have not understood,
Believe me and remember at my best!

Beloved of my soul—bride of the blessed breath—
Whose love has tendered all my waking hours,
And soothed and strengthened in the strife with
death:

You know my weakness and you know my
powers
Better than others; you know the passion kept,
The old deep yearning after peace and rest;
The strife of spirit while others laughed or slept—
Forgive my weakness and remember at my best!

My Master! Who suffered once without the gate
For such as I! Who bore the heavy cross alone!
I bow my head in shame, and stand and wait
The summons, and the love that can atone!
I shall be quiet if at last I come and find
My name among the ones redeemed and blessed—
Sins all forgiven, understood, refined,
Accounted worthy, and remembered at my best!

MY CREED

I sing the Angels' song and dare
To pray the Savior's prayer.
I fain would every bear
Bravely my cross and care.
I hold the Christ-Man's creed—
My neighbor and his need—
That Love's best name is Deed.
And so I sing and go my way,
In humble pathways, day by day.
I know not why life's mysteries mock
Our wisdom. But I would rather walk
By faith with God, believing yet
That God is Love—and Love cannot forget!

THE DAILY TASK

To take our task—to toil is still
His way, his wisdom and his will!
He crowns the toilers, here and there,
Though oft' with thorns! The Man of Care
Is one with all who toil and bear
The world's great burden everywhere.

The brotherhood of right good-will
Is unto such as toiling, still
Look upward to the hills of God,
And dare to go the way He trod,
Who bore the cross until He brake
Beneath the burden for Love's sake.

The passion of the world's unrest,
Will find its soothing in the quest
Of all true souls, who bravely bare
The common cross and conquer care;
Who falter not nor ever quail
Beneath the scourging of the flail!

And who believe beyond the doubt
That puts the timid soul to rout;
Who dares to stand with fearless face
For the redemption of the race;
And, greater than all creed and clan,
Who dares to simply be a Man!

To follow Him I still must hold
Is the true triumph of the bold:
The test of courage is to stake
All things and lose, for Love's own sake;
And losing all to find in Him
The light that never shall grow dim!

OLD MEMORY BOOKS

Old memory books more precious are
When friends who love us journey far:
And ever they more sacred grow,
As those who dearly love us go
Away, forevermore to stay,
And leave us here alone to pray.

Ah! Dear Old Memory Books, today,
I lay you carefully away!
But still I hold their memories dear,
Who went away and left me here,
In loneliness to walk my way,
In loneliness to watch and pray!

They left us, but there linger still
The old sweet memories that thrill
Our hearts, and bring to us again
The simple joys that cheered us then,
When life and love were in the June,
And all the world without in tune!

Still old fond recollections bring
Back to our souls the songs we sing—
The dear old songs that once we sung,
When those we loved with us were young,
And we with them were glad and gay,
Before they left and went away.

They were a happy, merry crew—
The boys and girls that once we knew!
The ones with whom we wandered, played,
And along life's pathways strayed—
The ones unto our hearts most dear,
Who went away and left us here!

They knew us—and yet knowing all—
They loved us! But they heard the call
From unseen realms of sun and star,
Where Love's Immortal dwellings are—
They journeyed far to other lands—
Dwell in the house not made with hands!

GLORY, GLORY, GLORY!

There's a beauty and a blessing
In the south wind's soft caressing,
 In the meadows, Maying—
 In the orchard straying—
Guessing, guessing, guessing!

There's a royal splendor showing
In the summer, growing;
 There's a joy in giving,
 And in simply living,
And in simply knowing.

There's a bounty of bestowing
In the full year's overflowing,
 In the sweet September,
 Bidding us remember
It is going, going!

There's a tenderness in the sighing
Of the Autumn's sad replying
 To the summer's story—
 "Glory, glory, glory!
Dying, dying, dying!"

THE MAPLE TREE

How can I tell you the story of it?
How can I show you the glory of it?
Surely you must come and see
The glory of God in the Maple Tree.

Come, stand with me here, or go
Up and down the splendid row,
On this side and that side—see,
Heaven come down on the maple tree.

Surely there are not many such sights,
Trembled through with a thousand lights—
While each limb and leaf seem tossed,
By the breath and the flame of Pentecost.

May or November—just to be
Alive in the world is joy to me!
All life is a beautiful thing to him
Who sings with the bird on the outer limb.

God pity the poorest of the poor
Who cannot see beyond his own door;
For he is the poorest who cannot see
The glory of God in the Maple Tree.

THE ANGELS' SONG

Into the silence of our world dropt the Angels'
Song,

And the mystery and the marvel are with us long!
No change of time can spoil Him of His claim—
The Son of God, but with the human name!
Love leaps to Love across the loveless years,
Sobbed through with sorrows, trembled through
with tears!

There is a sweetness in that song that stills
The whirlwind of our woes and soothes our ills;
Though we are slow of heart to understand
All that the Lord has spoken; yet in every land
The Angels' Song has bent the pitying skies
A little nearer to the shepherds' eyes!

And evermore may those who listen, hear
The chorus of the heavenly host who brought good
cheer

To earth so long ago! And those who sought have
found

The place where He was born still Holy Ground!
The manger and the cross, the empty grave
Are symbols of the power of Christ to save!
The world can never be the same to them
Whose hands have touched the seamless hem
Of holy garments; whose eyes have seen the vision
fair

Are born of God, and such can not despair!

HAPPINESS

O little lad, with the cherub face,
In spite of dirt and grime,
I envy you your happy place,
Your thoughtlessness of time;
I envy you the care-free hours,
The dreams and the delights,
The wealth and wonder of the flowers,
The long, untroubled nights.

I envy you the woods and ways
Of boyhood's roving will,
The long, sweet, sunny summer days,
Rime of robin and of rill;
Your ramblings beside the brook,
As you go loitering along
With fishing pole and bait and hook—
The boyish bubble of your song!

I envy you the days that are,
The years that are to be,
The luring light of sun and star,
The call of land and sea;
The visions only dimly shown
Of great tasks to be done—
Your daring of the Great Unknown,
Of victories to be won!

O little lad, I wonder why
I envy you? Yet I who know
The weariness, would not deny
That you should suffer, even so
There may sometime come to you
The meaning of the way you go,
Of things that you must do,
That only suffering can show.

Knowing the weariness of all,
The doubt and the despair,
The dream, the urging of the call
Of God's Great Everywhere—

Still, little lad, I bid you dare
The darkness and the night,
Go bravely where your feet may fare,
With face unto the light!

If I might smooth the path I would—
And yet, and yet, and yet!—
To me somehow the world is good,
And I would not forget!
May blessings be yours, little lad,
Where'er your feet may stray:
For all the joys that I have had
I wish you joys today.

STILL WITHIN OUR FATHER'S CARE

Friend o' mine, here's to you!
Hoping all the New Year through,
You may keep the Christmas cheer,
And the gladness without fear,
Through the sunshine and the gray,
Of the longest, shortest day—
Through the wonder of the May,
And the rioting of June,
When the year is at the noon;
When the Summer lags along,
And we lose the lilt of song,
Till September sets her splendor
For the coming of December,
And the New Year comes once more,
And we sing the old songs o'er,
Just as we have done before,
Only just a little slower,
And a little out of tune,
When our life has passed the noon,
And we wonder just what lies,
Hidden from our human eyes,
In that Land, we know not where,
Still within Our Father's care!

A HARD QUESTION

Whether is better, to dwell apart
In the Holy Place of a human heart,
The high priest of a household clan,
In the simple reverence of a man;

Or to wander forth and have a name
Among the multitude, and call this fame:
Yet miss the music and tender grace
Of one who loved me and forget her face?

Ah! This is the question that comes again
And again to the hungering hearts of men,
As they pause a moment to catch their breath,
In the passion and pang of a life or death!

Whether is better? I dare not say:
Hearts hold not always the hopes of May—
In the end is it better to love and forget,
Or remember? * * * I question you yet!

“THE ONES WHO CARE”

There are hero-souls who go
Out where the poppies grow.
The torch of Truth they throw
To us, who may not know
The pathways that they go—
And yet we love them so!
They follow still the star
Of Bethlehem afar—
The star of empire still
To them who seek His will
And follow in the way;
Who look to see the Day
The prophets once foresaw,
With holy fear and awe;
They are the ones who dare
The Deed beyond the prayer!

There are humble ones who stay
At home and watch and pray;
And yet these go before
And open wide the door;
The pillar of cloud by day
Are these who watch and pray;
The pillar of fire by night
Are these who in God's sight
Hold up the torch of light,
His messengers of might;
Eyes are they unto the blind
Who walk with God behind—
They are the ones who care,
The ones who love and share,
Who on the paths of prayer
Go with them every where!

IN BLOOMING TIME

O the wilderness of wonder, in the orchard where
The Lord has sent His angels, just to make it fair—
In blooming time.

O the rapture of it thrilling in the bird's song
when
The Dawn reveals fresh glory, never seen till then—
In blooming time.

O the miracle and marvel, in the moonlight
showing,
As if heaven were with beauty overflowing—
In blooming time.

Poetry, perfection, prophecy and psalm,
All together mingling, sweet with solemn calm—
In blooming time.

Resurrection, revelation, rapture everywhere—
Who can dare to doubt, who can dare despair?—
In blooming time.

It is worth the waiting, all the winter through,
Just to be alive when God makes all things new—
In blooming time.

WITH BETTY ON THE BEACH

With Betty on the beach I sat
And wondered at the things to wonder at!
I dug the pebbles from the sand,
And as I held them in my hand,
I wondered at the mysteries,
The rocks' unwritten histories—
I was a little child once more,
With all the big world to explore!

With little Betty at my side
I found the wonders multiplied!
What were her thoughts I can not say,
For she was light of heart and gay,
As she threw pebbles in the spray:
And as I helped the baby play
My heavy heart grew happier
Just for the joy of having Her!

And as I sat and wondered there,
My sore heart shaped a little prayer:
"Thou God of all the things that are,
Of systems, sun and moon and star,
Of the ocean and the land,
Of the rocks and of the sand—
Of all things I do not understand—
Hold Thou, dear God, my hand!

"Guide Thou the little feet
Along the highways and the street,
Along the byways, where they pass,
A lure for loitering lad and lass;
Amid the maze of mysteries,
The heart's unwritten histories:
And where she can not understand,
Hold Thou, dear God, her hand!"

RAYMOND ROBINS

Red blooded and of kingly birth,
Not of the purple but of jeans—
Nursed at the breast of Mother Earth—
Brother of her knights and queens,
A prince among the sons of men,
Of the real royalty, uncrowned;
Not of the sword nor of the pen,
Yet of the kingly race renowned—
One who still stands among the few,
The royal ones, who dared
To dream the dream and do
The things for which Christ cared.
One of the World's Great Hearts, he stands
And speaks his message, strong and clear—
One who himself controls, commands;
Serene and steadfast, without fear,
Still he holds on his way among
The clashing classes, Christless creeds:
A hero-soul, unheralded, unsung,—
Simple in his speech as in his deeds;
Yet with a faith that will not fail,
Love that has not grown dim—
A traveler on the lonely trail
He still must go who follows Him!

THY WILL BE DONE

Lord I will that what I will may come to naught,
So that Thy will be done and what I ought.
Come the great calm, or storm, or sun
To me and mine—Thy will be done!

And yet I pray, as human hearts may ask,
Light for my pathway, strength to do my task,
And guidance, quickening of spirit and of sight
To see my work and do it in Thy might.

ROSE LEAVES

*A friend o' mine encourages me by saying that
"Publishing a volume of poems, now-a-days, is like
dropping rose leaves in the Grand Canyon, and
listening for the echo!"*

*Yet even so, I'll drop them down,
Down—down—down—down—down!
Though the world may frown,
Still I'll drop them down!
Sometime the world will smile,
For there's always an afterwhile,
For him who goes another mile,
With Love and laughter to beguile!
And there's a turn in every road,
While Love still lightens every load;
So I go on—and on—and on—
With face forward toward the Dawn!*

*And as I go I'll drop a rose,
For the old world and its woes,
With a smile and bit of laughter,
That somewhere, in the hereafter,
Unto some sad heart may bring
The memory of the songs I sing—
Soft as rose leaves falling,
Sweet as Love's voice calling!
Till the songs that I have sung
Shall echo and echo among
The hearts and homes of such as know
Where the roses and the echoes go!*

WHO CARES?

Who thinks of the bird or blossom in November?
Only those who win does the old world care to
remember—

And that not long!
But what if at last the world shall remember
The Singer for his Song?

